

The Conquest
OF
GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS.

In Two Parts.

Acted at the *Theatre-Royal*.

Written by JOHN DRYDEN Servant
to His MAJESTY.

The Fifth Edition.

—Major verum mihi nascitur Ordo;
Majus Opus moveo. Virg. *Æneid.* 7.

LONDON,



Printed for Henry Herringman ; and Sold by R. Bentley,
J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet. 1695.

The Condor

GRAND

STANDARD

In Two Parts

Agreed at the Theatre Royal
8th Dec 1821

Written by JOHN DRYDEN
to His Majesty

at the Theatre Royal

Printed by J. D. Smith
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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE.

SIR,
HEROICK Poësie has always been Sacred to Princes and to Heroes. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æneides* to *Augustus Cæsar*; and of latter Ages, *Tasso*, and *Ariosto* Dedicated their Poems to the House of *ES*. 'Tis indeed, but Justice, that the most excellent and most profitable kind of Writing, should be address'd by Poets to such Persons whose Characters have, for the most part, been the Guides and Patterns of their imitation. And Poets, while they imitate, instruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the true: and the dead Virtue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by Precept and Example; and both these can only have influence from those persons who are above us, that kind of Poësie which excites to Virtue the greatest Men, is of greatest use to Human kind.

'Tis from this consideration, that I have presum'd to Dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint Representations of your own Worth and Valour in Heroick Poetry: or, to speak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to restore to you those Ideas, which in the more perfect part of my Characters, I have take from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own praises, both as they are farther incitements to their Virtue, and as they are the highest returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd, either by the Conduct, the Personal Valour, or the good Fortune of a

Leader, the *English* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highness. Your whole Life has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions; which you began so early, that you were no sooner nam'd in the World, but it was with Praise and Admiration. Even the first blossoms of your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While you practis'd but the Rudiments of War, you out-went all other Captains: and have since found none to surpass, but your self alone. The opening of your Glory was like that of Light: you shone to us from afar; and dispos'd your first beams on distant Nations: yet so, that the lustre of them was spread abroad, and reflected brightly on your Native Country. You were then an Honour to it, when it was a reproach to it self: and when the fortunate Usurper sent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the adverse Party were vanquish'd by your Fame, ere they try'd your Valour. The report of it drew over to your Ensigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels: and made them forsake successful Wickedness, to follow an oppress'd and exil'd Virtue. Your Reputation wag'd War with the Enemies of your Royal Family, even within their Trenches; and the more obstinate, or more guilty of them, were forc'd to be Spies over those whom they Commanded, lest the name of *TORR* should disband that Army in whose Fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards*: and force *Dunkirk* to surrender. Yet, those victorious Forces of the Rebels were not able to sustain your Arms. Where you charg'd in Person you were a Conqueror. 'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd Courage; and wrested that Victory from others, which they had lost to you. And it was a greater action for them to rally, than it was to overcome. Thus, by the presence of your Royal Highness, the *English* on both sides remain'd victorious: and that Army which was broken by your Valour, became a terror to those for whom they conquer'd. Then it was, that at the cost of other Nations you inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend your Native Country, and to vindicate its Honour from the insolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders* not contented to withdraw themselves from the Obedience which they ow'd their lawful Sovereign, affronted those by
whole

whose Charity they were first protected ; and, (being swell'd up to a pre-eminence of Trade, by a supine negligence on our side, and a sordid parsimony on their own,) dar'd to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas ; the Eyes of three Nations were then cast on you : and by the joynt suffrage of King and People, you were chosen to revenge their common injuries ; to which, though you had an undoubted Title by your Birth, you had a greater by your Courage. Neither did the success deceive our hopes and expectations : the most glorious victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that War, was in that first Engagement : wherein, even by the confession of our enemies, who ever palliate their own losses, and diminish our advantages, your absolute Triumph was acknowledg'd : you conquer'd at the *Hague* as intirely as at *London* ; and the return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least pretence for a false Bonfire, or a dissembled day of publick Thanksgiving. All our atchievements against them afterwards, tho' we sometimes conquer'd, and were never overcome, were but a Copy of that Victory and they still fell short of their Original : somewhat of Fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the title of so absolute a defeat. Or, perhaps the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent : and would not employ his utmost vigor for a less important stake, than the Life and Honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, since that memorable day, you have had leisure to enjoy in peace, the fruits of so glorious a reputation, 'twas occasion only, has been wanting to your courage ; for, that can never be wanting to occasion. The same ardor still incites you to Heroick Actions : and the same concernment for all the Interests of your King and Brother, continue to give you restless nights, and a generous emulation for your own Glory. You are still meditating on new labours for your self, and new triumphs for the Nation ; and when our former enemies again provoke us, you will again solicit Fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past injuries : and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, till they have fully vanquish'd

Let

Let our Enemies make their boast of a surprize, as the *Sam-
nites* have of a successful stratagem: but the *Furca Caudina*
will never be forgiven till they are reveng'd. I have al-
ways observ'd in your Royal Highness, an extream con-
cernment for the Honour of your Country: 'tis a passion
common to you with a Brother, the most excellent of Kings:
and in your two Persons are eminent the Characters which
Homer has given us of Heroick Virtue: the commanding
part in *Agamemnon*, and the executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt
not, from both your Actions, but to have abundant mat-
ter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign; and to perform
the part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without
intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time while your Royal Highness is prepa-
ring fresh employments for our Pens, I have been examin-
ing my own Forces, and making tryal of my self, how I
shall be able to transmit you to Posterity. I have form'd a
Heroe, I confess, not absolutely perfect, but of an excessive
and over-boiling Courage: but *Homer* and *Tasso* are my
precedents. Both the *Greek* and the *Italian* Poet had well
consider'd, that a tame Heroe who never transgresses the
bounds of moral Virtue, would shine but dimly in an *Epick*
Poem; the strictness of those Rules might well give pre-
cepts to the Reader, but would administer little of occasion
to the Writer. But a character of an excentrique virtue is
the more exact Image of humane life, because he is not wholly
exempted from its frailties; such a person is *Almanzor*:
whom I present, with all humility, to the Patronage of
your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a roughness of
Character, impatient of Injuries; and a confidence of him-
self, almost approaching to an arrogance. But these errors
are incident only to great Spirits; they are Moles and Dim-
ples which hinder not a face from being beautiful, though
that beauty be not regular; they are of the number of those
amiable imperfections which we see in Mistresses: and which
we pass over, without a strict examination, when they are
accompanied with greater Graces. And such in *Almanzor*,
are a frank and noble openness of Nature: and easiness to
forgive his conquer'd enemies; and to protect them in di-
stress; and above all, an inviolable Faith in his affection.

This,

This, Sir, I have briefly shadow'd to your Royal Highness, that you may not be ashamed of that Heroe, whose protection you undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to so illustrious a Name, if I were conscious to my self that he did or said any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness shou'd defend, or own what, possibly, may be my error, I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor* in the nature of a suspected Criminal. By the suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and by the sentence of some, condemn'd. But, as I have no reason to stand to the award of my Enemies, so neither dare I trust the partiality of my Friends. I make my last appeal to your Royal Highness, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes shou'd only be judg'd by Heroes; because they only are capable of measuring great and Heroick Actions by the Rule and Standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any point of Honour, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the pattern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the parts of personal Valour, and of Conduct, of a Soldier and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantageous than what he has; of the most unshaken friend, the greatest of Subjects, and the best of Masters, I shou'd then draw all the World, a true resemblance of your Worth and Virtues; at least as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean abilities of.

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Humble and most

Obedient Servant;

J. DRYDEN.

OF HEROICK PLAYS.

An ESSAY.

WHETHER Heroick Verse ought to be admitted into serious Plays, is not now to be disputed: 'tis already in possession of the Stage, and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, shall be receiv'd without it. All the arguments which are form'd against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near Conversation as Prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand Poetry, that serious Plays ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that level, the foundation of Poetry would be destroy'd. And, if you once admit of a latitude, that Thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the Life, and describ'd in measure without Rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open fields, betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquir'd the last perfection of Art. But it was only custom which couzen'd us so long: we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rhyme, therefore Rhyme was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinc'd most Men of that error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write Verse, that the adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertake that task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it. They have couzen'd many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their Sense. In fine, they have succeeded: though 'tis true, they have more dishonour'd Rhyme by their good success, than they have done by their Ill. But I am willing to let fall this Argument: 'tis free for every Man to write, or not to write, in Verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Talent; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which I have only us'd it without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the English Theatre, was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: it being forbidden him in the rebellious times to Act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of scandal to those good People, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign, than endure a wanton Jest; he was forc'd to turn his Thoughts another way: and to introduce the examples of Moral Virtue, writ in Verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musick. The Original of this Musick, and of the Scenes which adorn'd this Work, he had from the Italian Opera's: but he heighten'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this condition

dition did this part of Poetry remain at His Majesties Return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be Acted, as a just Drama. But as few Men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect: There wanted the fulness of a Plot, and the variety of Characters to form it as it ought: and perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the stile. All which he would have perform'd with more exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the same nature. For myself and others who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we receiv'd from that excellent ground-work which he laid: and since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to our selves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this justice, as my Guide; I may do myself so much, as to give an account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of the Siege of Rhodes: which was Design, and variety of Characters. And in the midst of this consideration, by meer accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was an Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two lines of that Poem gave me light to all I could desire.

Le Donne, I Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori,
Le Cortesie, l'audaci imprese jo canto, &c.

For the very first reflexion which I made, was this, That an Heroick Play, ought to be an imitation, (In Little) of an Heroick Poem; and consequently, that Love and Valour ought to be the subject of it. Both these, Sir William D'Avenant had begun to shadow: but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontaries, and some few out-lies of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the Designer saw not clearly. The common Drama oblig'd him to a Plot well form'd and pleasant, or as the Ancients call'd it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself in a story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height: and induc'd him a farther liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common words and actions of human life: and therefore in the scanting of his Images and Design, he comply'd not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my Opinion of this kind of Writing without dissenting much from his, whose memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same respect to him, as if he were now alive; and

ever looking my Paper while I write, his judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easie shape: more fitted to the common actions and Passions of Humane life: and, in short, more like a Glass of Nature, shewing us our selves in our ordinary Habits: and figuring a more practicable Virtue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns. Thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or Stage Poetry: and accordingly to divide it into five Books, representing the same number of Acts; and every Book into several Canto's, imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.

But this, I think, is rather a Play, in Narration (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at least, you will not prefer the Opinion of a single Man to the practice of the most excellent Authors, both of Ancient and later Ages. I am no admirer of Quotations; but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his judgment on this Question: 'tis Petronius Arbitr, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the Latine Tongue: who, after he had given many admirable Rules for the structure, and beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following words:

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt; quod longæ melius Historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, Deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi varicination appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which sentence, and his own Essay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, who follow'd too much the truth of History, crowded Sentences together; was too full of points; and too often offer'd at somewhat which had more of the sting of an Epigram, than of the dignity and state of an Heroick Poem. Lucan us'd not much the help of his Heathen Deities: there was neither the Ministry of the Gods, nor the precipitation of the Soul, nor the fury of a Prophet: (of which my Author speaks) in his Pharsalia: he treats you more like a Philosopher, than a Poet: and instructs you in Verse, with what he had been taught by his Uncle Seneca in Prose. In one word, he walks soberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this Religious Historian. The Oracle of Appius, and the Witchcraft of Erictho will somewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen and known argument, to follow Truth with great exactness. For my part, I am of opinion, that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spencer could have form'd their Poets halfe so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick parts of Poetry, which compose the most noble parts of all their writings. And I will aske any Man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their Tastes, who do not) if the Ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the enchanted Wood in Tasso, and the Bower of Bliss in Spencer, (which

(which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted without taking from their Works some of the greatest beauties in them. And if any Man object the improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick; I boldly answer him, That an Heroick Poet is not tied to a bare Representation of what is true, or exceeding probable: but that he might let himself loose to visionary Objects, and to the Representation of such things as depending not on Sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by Knowledge, may give him a freer scope for Imagination. 'Tis enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greatest part of Mankind have believ'd the power of Magick, and that there are Spirits, or Spectres which have appear'd. This, I say, is foundation enough for Poetry: and I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of separated Beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal Substances, (which Mr. Hobbs, with some reason, thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly Poetical, they have only their fancy for their guide, and that, being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a Phlegmatick, heavy Gownman, will see farther in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some Men think they have rais'd a great Argument against the use of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by saying, they are unnatural: but, whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material: 'tis enough, that for ought we know, they may be in nature: and whatever is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's Verses before Gondibert; (though his Authority is almost Sacred to me:) 'Tis true, he has resembled the old Epick Poetry to a Fantastick Fairy-land: but he has contradicted himself by his own example. For, he has himself made use of Angels, and Visions in his Davideis, as well as Tasso in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this subject will not be thought digression to the Reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modell'd my Heroick Plays by the rules of an Heroick Poem. And, if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in Verse, and, withal, the highest pattern of Humane Life, as all Poets have agreed, I shall need no other argument to justify my choice in this imitation. One advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to view what the Poem only does relate, and, *Segnius irritant animus demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*, as Horace tells us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets, and my representations of Battels; I answer, I introduc'd them not on the English Stage; Shakespear us'd them frequently: and though Johnson stews

no Battel in his Cataline; yet you hear from behind the Scenes, the sounding of Trumpets, and the shouts of fighting Armies. But, I add farther; that these warlike Instruments, and, even their presentations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an Heroick Play; That is, to raise the imagination of the Audience, and to perswade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theatre is really perform'd. The Poet is, then, to endeavour an absolute Dominion over the Minds of the Spectators: for, though our fancy will contribute to its own deceit, yet a Writer ought to help its operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approv'd Medicine, because a Mountebank has us'd it with success.

Thus I have given a short account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual eagerness of an Author, make a particular defence of this. But the common opinion, (how unjust soever,) has been so much to my advantage, that I have reason to be satisfy'd: and to suffer with patience all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easie for me, than to defend the character of Almanzor, which is one great exception that is made against the Play? 'Tis said, that Almanzor is no perfect pattern of Heroick Virtue: that he is a contemner of Kings; and that he is made to perform impossibilities.

I must therefore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character. The first Image I had of him, was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Tasso's Rinaldo, (who was a Copy of the former) and the Third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calpranede: (who has imitated both.) The Original of these, (Achilles) is taken by Homer for his Heroe: and is described by him as one, who in strength and courage, surpass'd the rest of the Grecian Army: but, withal, of so fiery a temper, so impatient of an injury, even from his King, and General, that when his Mistress was to be forc'd from him by the Command of Agamemnon, he not only disobey'd it; but return'd him an answer full of contumely; and in the most opprobrious terms he could imagine: they are Homer's words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude.

Οἶνοβαες, κυνὸς ὀμυαὶ ἔχον, κατὰ λῶ δ' ἐλάφοιο. *Il. a. v. 225.*
 Δημωβέρ βασιλεὺς, *Il. a. v. 321.*

Nay, he proceeded so far in his Insolence, as to draw out his Sword, with intention to kill him.

Ἐλκντο δ' ἐκ καλεῖο μέγα ξίφος. *Il. a. v. 194.*

and if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and 'twas all she could do to dissuade him from it. The event was, that he left the Army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his Character thus to Nestor.

Ἄλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐδείλ' ὥς παῖ των ἔμμεναι ἄλλων. *Il. α. v. 287, 288.*

Πάν των μὲν κατ' αὖτις ἐδείλ', παντρεσι δ' ἀνέσταν.

and Horace gives the same description of him in his *Art of Poetry*.

—Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a Man of the same temper, when he had slain Gernando in his heat of passion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his General, but threaten'd that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by Arms upon him: witness these following lines of Tasso.

Venga, egli omandi, io terro fermo il piede;
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e'l arme
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti
Per los diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the point of Honour, so much magnify'd by the French, and so ridiculously Ap'd by us. They made their Hero's Men of Honour; but so, as not to divest them quite of humane Passions and Frailties: they content themselves to shew you, what Men of great spirits would certainly do, when they were provok'd, not when they were oblig'd to do by the strict Rules of Moral Virtue; for my own part, I declare my self for Homer and Tasso and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my Characters to the French Standard; where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by Drams and Scriptures: yet, where I have design'd the patterns of exact Virtues, such as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing sides: And what eye has he on him to the contrary? he is not born their Subject whom he serves: and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power: but so do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloigne; he talks extravagantly in his Passion; but, if I would take

the pains to quote an hundred passages of Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, I could easily shew you, that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution: for Cethegus threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it: to kill all the Senate for his part of the Action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant, he says, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former calumnies will stick: and therefore 'tis at last charg'd upon me, that Almanzor does all things: or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their nonsense who make it, that he performs impossibilities; they say, that being a stranger, he appeases two fighting Factions, when the Authority of their lawful Sovereign could not: this is indeed the most improbable of all his Actions: but, 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his People; as the History of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, though a stranger, yet was already known to them by his Gallantry in the Juego de toros, his Engagement on the weaker side, and more especially, by the character of his Person, and brave Actions, given by Abdalla just before: and after all, the greatness of the enterprize consisted only in the daring: for he had the King's Guards to second him; but we have read both of Cæsar, and many other Generals, who have not only calm'd a Mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their Enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's Actions, you see him for the most part victorious: but, the same fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary. Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him: for, in the First Part, he is made a Prisoner; and in the last, defeated; and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some Satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play expos'd to the Criticks, without defence.

The concernment of it is wholly past from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their Opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not.

Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the stakes; and with the common good fortune of prosperous Gamesters can be content to sit quietly; to bear my fortune curst by some; and my faults arraign'd by others; and to suffer both without reply.

On Mr. DRYDEN's PLAY,
The Conquest of GRANADA.

TH' Applause I gave among the foolish Croud,
Was not distinguish'd, tho' I clap'd aloud:
Or, if it had, my judgment had been hid:
I clap'd for company as others did.
Thence may be told the fortune of your Play,
Its goodness must be try'd another way.
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill.
There will be praise enough, yet not so much,
As if the World had never any such:
Ben. Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear, are
As well as you, to have a Poets share.
You, who write after, have besides this Curse,
You must write better, or you else write worse.
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems stoll'n, or borrow'd from the former store.
Though blind as *Homer*, all the Ancients be,
'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Lame, we see.
Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praises though less, are greater when they're true).
You're equal to the best, out-done by you;
Who had out-done themselves, had they liv'd now.

VAUGHAN.

PROLOGUE

To the First P A R T.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen Guyn* in a Broad brim'd
Hat, and Waste-Belt.

THIS Jest was first of th'other Houses making,
And five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking.
For 'twere a shame a Poet should be kill'd
Under the shelter of so broad a Shield.
This is that Hat whosr very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were in ye.
As then, for Nokes; so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.
I'll write a Play, says one, for I have got
A Broad-brim'd Hat, and Waste-Belt towards a Plot.
Says th'other, I have one more large than that.
Thus they out-write each other with a Hat.
The Brims still grow with every Play they writ;
And grew so large, they cover'd all the Wit.
Hat was the Play: 'twas Language, Wit and Tale:
Like them that find Meat, Drink, and Cloth in Ale.
What Dulness do these Mungril Wits confess,
When all their hope is acting of a Dress!
Thus, Two the best Comedians of the Age
Must be worn out, with being Blocks o'th Stoge;
Like

*Like a young Girl, who better things has known,
 Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.
 See now what Charity it was to save !
 They thought you lik'd what only you forgave :
 And brought you more dull Sence, dull Sence much worse
 Than brisk gay Non-sence, and the heavier Curse.
 They bring old Ir'n and Glass upon the Stage,
 To barter with the Indians of our Age.
 Still they write on, and like great Authors show :
 But 'tis as Rowlers in wet Gardens grow
 Heavy with Dirt, and gathering as they go. }
 May none who have so little understood
 To like such trash, presume to praise what's good !
 And may those Drudges of the Stage, whose Fate
 Is damn'd dull Farce, more dully to Translate,
 Fall under that Excize the State thinks fit
 To set on all French Wares, whose worst is Wit.
 French Farce worn out at home, is sent abroad ;
 And patch'd up here, is made our English Mode.
 Henceforth let Poets e're allow'd to write,
 Be search'd, like Duelists, before they fight :
 For Wheel-broad Hats, dull Humor, all that chaff
 Which makes you mourn, and makes the vulgar laugh;
 For these, in Plays, are as unlawful Arms,
 As in a Combat, Coats of Mail, and Charms.*

Persons Represented.

Mahomet Boabdelin, the last King of *Granada*. — *Mr. Kynaston.*
Prince Abdalla, his Brother. — *Mr. Lydal.*
Abdelmelech, chief of the *Abencerrages*. — *Mr. Mohun.*
Zulema, chief of the *Zegrys*. — *Mr. Harris.*
Abenamar, an old *Abencerrago*, — *Mr. Cartwright.*
Selin, an old *Zegry*. — *Mr. Winterhal.*
Ozmyn, a brave young *Abencerrago*, Son to *Abenamar*. — *Mr. Beeson.*
Hamet, Brother to *Zulema*, a *Zegry*. — *Mr. Watson.*
Gomel, a *Zegry*. — *Mr. Powel.*
Almanzor. — *Mr. Hart.*

Ferdinand, King of *Spain*. — *Mr. Littlewood.*
Duke of Arcos, his General. — *Mr. Bell.*
Don Alonzo d'Aguilar ; a Spanish Captain. —

Almahide, Queen of *Granada*. — *Mrs. Ellen Gwyn.*
Lyndaraxa, Sister to *Zulema*, a *Zegry* Lady. — *Mrs. Marshal.*
Benzayda, Daughter to *Selin*. — *Mrs. Bowtel.*
Esperanza, Slave to the Queen. — *Mrs. Reeve.*
Halyma, Slave to *Lyndaraxa*. — *Mrs. Eastland.*
Isabella, Queen of *Spain*. — *Mrs. James.*
 Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The SCENE in *GRANADA*, and the
Christian Camp Besieging it.

Alman.

Almanzor and Almahide:
OR, THE
C O N Q U E S T
OF
GRANADA.

The First PART.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guards.*

Boab. **T**HUS, in the Triumphs of soft Peace I reign;
And, from my Walls, defy the Pow'rs of *Spain*;
With pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep distance; and attend my State.

Parent to her whose eyes my Soul intral;
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;
Abenamar, thy Youth these Sports has known,
Of which thy age is now Spectator grown:
Judg-like thou sit'st, to praise, or to arraign
The flying Skirmish of the darted Cane:
But, when fierce Bulls run loose upon the place,
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with danger grace,
Then, heat new bends thy slackned Nerves again,
And a short youth runs warm through every vein.

Aben. I must confess th' Encounters of this day
warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:
Not with the fire of Youth; but gen'rous rage
To see the glories of my Youthful age
So far out done.

Abdel. *Castile* could never boast, in all its pride,
A pomp so splendid; when the lists set wide,
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
In *Sierra Ronda*, 'ere the War began:

Who, with high Nostrils, Snuffing up the wind,
 Now stood, the Champion of the Salvage kind.
 Just opposite, within the circled place,
 Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* race
 (Each brandishing his Bull-spear in his hand,)
 Did their proud Gennets gracefully command.
 On their steel'd heads their demy-Lances wore
 Small pennons, which their Ladies colours bore.
 Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmyn* go;
 Each Lady as he rode saluting low;
 At the chief stands, with reverence more profound,
 His well-taught Courser, kneeling, touch'd the ground;
 Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his Rider on,
 Still facing, till he out of sight was gone.

Boab, You praise him like a friend, and I confess
 His brave deportment merited no less.

Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd by his Victorious arm,
 Whose wary Ginnet shunning still the harm,
 Seem'd to attend the shock: and then leap'd wide:
 Mean while, his dextrous Rider when he spy'd
 The beast just stooping; 'twixt the neck and head
 His Lance, with never erring fury, sped.

Aben. My Son did well; and so did *Hamet* too;
 Yet did no more than we were wont to do;
 But what the stranger did, was more than man:

Abdel. He finish'd all those Triumphs we began.
 One Bull, with curl'd black head beyon'd the rest,
 And dew-laps hanging from his brawny chest,
 With nodding front awhile did daring stand,
 And with his jetty hoof spurn'd back the sand:
 Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out a loud:
 Th' amaz'd assistants back each other croud,
 While Monarch-like he rang'd the list'd field;
 Some tols'd, some goar'd, some trampling down he kill'd.
 Th' ignobler Moors, from far his rage provoke,
 With woods of darts, which from his sides he shooke.
 Mean time, your valiant Son who had before
 Gain'd fame, rode round to every Mirador,
 Beneath each Ladies stand, a stop he made;
 And, bowing, took, th' applauses which they paid.
 Just in that point of time the brave unknown,
 Approach'd the Lists.

Boab. ————— I mark'd him, when alone
 (Observ'd by all, himself observing none)
 He enter'd first; and with a graceful pride
 His fiery Arab, dextrously did guide:

Who, while his Rider every stand survey'd,
Sprung loose, and flew, into an Escapade:
Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
Pressing and seeming still to quit his ground.
What after pass'd———

Was far from the *Ventanna* where I fate,
But you were near and can the truth relate. [To Abdel.]

Abdel. Thus, while he stood, the Bull who saw this foe,
His easier conquests proudly did forego:
And, making at him, with a furious bound,
From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.
A rising murmur ran through all the field,
And every Ladies blood with fear was chill'd.
Some skrick'd, while, others with more helpful care,
Cry'd out aloud, beware, brave Youth, beware!
At this he turn'd and as the Bull drew near,
Shun'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.
The Lance broke short: the Beast then bellow'd loud,
And his strong neck to a new onfet bow'd.
Th' undaunted youth———

Then drew; and from his saddle bending low,
Just where the neck did to the shoulders grow,
With his full force discharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of Poppies (when they reap the grain)
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring Swain,
Than fell this head:———

It fell so quick, it did even death prevent:
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did sound:
And yet their clangors in our shouts were drown'd.

[A confus'd noise within.]

Boab. Th' Alarm-bell rings from our *Albambra* Walls,
And, from the Streets, sound Drums, and Ataballes.

[Within, a Bell, Drums and Trumpets.]

How now! from whence proceed these new alarms?

[To them a Messenger]

Mess. The two fierce Factions are again in arms:
And, changing into blood the days delight,
The *Zegrys* with the *Abencerrages* fight,
On each side their Allies and Friends appear;
The *Macas* here the *Alabazes* there:
The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* joyn,
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomel's* line.

Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* place;
Double my Guards, these factions I will face;

And

And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof against the presence of their King: [Exit Boabdellin.

*The Factions appear; At the head of the Abencerrages,
Ozmyn; at the head of the Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet,
Gomel, and Selin: Abenamat and Abdelmelech joyn-
ed with the Abencerrages.*

Zulema. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their ground:
Press 'em; put home your thrusts to every wound.
Abdelmelech. Zegry, on manly force our line relies;
Thine, poorly takes th' advantage of surprize.
Unarm'd and much out-number'd we retreat,
You gain no fame, when basely you defeat:
If thou art brave seek nobler Victory;
Save moorish blood; and, while our bands stand by,
Let two to two an equal combat try.

Hamet. 'Tis not for fear the Combat we refuse;
But we our gain'd advantage will not lose.

Zul. In combating but two of you will fall;
And we resolve we will dispatch you all.

Ozmyn. Wee'l double yet th' exchange before we die;
And each of ours two lives of yours shall buy.

Almanzor enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage
Almanz. I cannot stay to ask which cause is best;
But this is so to me because oppress. [Goes to the Abencerrages.

To them Boabdellin and his Guards going betwixt them.

Boab. On your Allegiance I command you stay;
Who passes here, through me must make his way.
My Life's the *Istmos*; through this narrow line
You first must cut, before those Seas can joyn.
What fury, Zegrys, has possess'd your minds?
What rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?
If, of your Courage you new proofs wou'd show,
Without much travel you may find a Foe,
Those foes are neither so remote nor few,
That you shou'd need each other to pursue.
Lean times and foreign Wars should minds unite,
When poor, men mutter, but they seldom fight.
O holy *Alba*, that I live to see

Thy *Granadines* assist their Enemy.
You fight the Christians battels; every life
You lavish thus, in this intestine strife,
Does from our weak foundations, take one prop,
Which helpt to hold our sinking Country up.

Ozmyn. 'Tis fit our private Enmity should cease;
Though injur'd first, yet I will first seek peace.

Zulem. No, murd'rer, no ; I never will be won
To peace with him whose hand has slain my Son.

Ozmyn. Our Prophets curse——
On me, and all the *Abencerrages* light,
If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.

Abdelmel. A band of *Zegrys* ran within the Place,
Match'd with a Troop of Thirty of our race.
Your Son and *Ozmyn* the first Squadrons led,
Which, ten by ten, like *Partians* charg'd and fled.
The ground was strow'd with Canes, where we did meet,
Which crackl'd underneath our coursfers feet.
When *Tarifa*, (I saw him ride a part)
Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel pointed Dart,
And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
Who wanted time for Treason to provide,
He, basely threw it at him, undefy'd : [*Ozmyn showing his arm.*
Witness this Blood——which, when by Treason fought,
That follow'd, Sir, which to my self I ought.

Zulema. His hate to thee was ground'd on a grudge
Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did judge ;
Thy Villain blood thou openly did'st place
Above the purple of our Kingly race.

Boabd. From equal stems their blood both Houses draw.
They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*.

Hamet. Their mongril race is mixt with Christian breed,
Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in prisons feed.

Abdel. Our holy Prophet Wills, that Charity
Should ev'n to birds and beasts extended be :
None knows what Fate is for himself design'd ;
The thought of human Chance should make us kind.

Gomel. We waste that time we to revenge should give :
Fall on ; let no *Abencerrago* live. [*Advancing before the rest of*
his Party.

Almanzor, advancing on the other side ;
and describing a line with his Sword.

Upon thy life pass not this middle space ;
Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden place.

Gomel. To dare that death, I will approach yet nigher.

Thus, wert thou compass'd in with circling fire. [*They fight.*

Boab. Disarm 'em both ; if they resist you kill.

Almanzor, in the midst of the Guards
kills Gomel, and then is disarm'd.

Almanz. Now, you have but the Leavings of my Will.

Boab. Kill him ; this insolent Unknown shall fall,
And be the Victim to atone you all.

That

Ormyn. If he must die, not one of us will live
That life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boab. It was a Traytor's voice that spoke those words;
So are you all who do not sheath your Swords.

Zulema. Outrage unpunish'd when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to scorn the rights of Majesty:
No Subject his Protection can expect,

Who what he owes himself, does first neglect

Abenamar. This stranger, Sir, is he,
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* place
Did, with so loud applause, your Triumphs grace.

Boab. The word which I have giv'n, I'll not revoke;
If he be brave he's ready for the stroke.

Almanz. No man has more contempt than I, of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?

Obey'd as Sovereign by thy Subjects be,
But know, that I alone am King of me.

I am as free as nature first made man
'Ere the base Laws of Servitude began
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran.

Boab. Since, then, no pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind shou'd use you like a common foe,
You shou'd be hunted like a Beast of Prey;
By your own law, I take your life away.

Almanz. My laws are made but only for my sake,
No King against himself a Law can make.
If thou pretend'st to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which should thy pattern be.
I saw th' oppress'd, and thought it did belong
To a King's office to redress the wrong:
I brought that Succour which thou ought'st to bring,
And so, in nature, am thy Subjects King.

Boab. I do ~~not~~ want your Council to direct,
Or aid to help me punish or protect.

Almanz. Thou want'st 'em both or better thou would'st know
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.
Divided int'rests while thou think'st to sway,
Draw like two brooks thy middle stream away.
For though they band, and jar, yet both combine
To make their greatness by the fall of thine.
Thus like a buckler thou art held in fight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.

Boab. Away; and execute him instantly. [To his Guards.]

Almanz. Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

[To them Abdalla basily.]
Abdalla. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n sake hold:

Defer

Defer this noble Strangers punishment,
Or your rash orders you will soon repent.

Boab. Brother you know not yet his insolence.

Abdal. Upon your self you punish his offence:

If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun th' inhospitable Court.
And who, henceforth, to our defence will come,
If death must be the brave *Almanzor's* doom?
From *Africa* I drew him to your aid;
And for his succour have his Life betray'd.

Boab. Is this the *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When first their Swords the *Xeriff* Brothers drew?

Abdal. This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
And to the juster cause the Conquest brought:
Till the proud *Santo* seated in the Throne,
Disdain'd the Service he had done, to own:
Then, to the vanquish'd part, his fate he led;
The vanquish'd Triumph'd, and the victor fled;
Vast is his Courage; boundless is his mind,
Rough as a storm, and humorous as wind;
Honour's the only Idol of his Eyes:
The charms of Beauty like a pest he flies:
And rais'd by Valour, from a Birth unknown,
Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

[*Boabdelin coming to Almanzor.*]

Impute your danger to our Ignorance;
The bravest men are subject most to chance:
Granada much does to your kindness owe:
But Towns expecting Sieges, cannot show }
More honour, than t'invite you to a foe. }

Almanzor. I do not doubt but I have been to blame:
But, to pursue the end for which I came,
Unite your Subjects first; then let us goe,
And pour their common rage upon the foe.

Boab. to the Factions.

Lay down your Arms; and let me beg you cease
Your Enmities.

Zulema. ——— We will not hear of peace,
Till we by force have first reveng'd our slain:

Abdel. The Action we have done we will maintain.

Selin. Then let the King depart and we will try
Our cause by arms:

Zul. ——— For us and Victory.

Boab. A King intreats you.

Almanz. What Subjects will precarious Kings regard:
A Beggar speaks too softly to be heard:

Lay down your Armes; 'tis I command you now.
Do it——or by our Prophets soul I vow,
My hands shall right your King on him I seize.
Now, let me see whose look but disobey.

Ommes. Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin* :

Alman. No more; but hush'd as midnight silence go:
He will not have your Acclamations now.
Hence you unthinking Crow'd ——

[*The common people go off on both Parties.*]

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,
When such as these unmake or make a King!

Abdalla. How much of Virtue lies in one great Soul.

[*Embracing him.*]

Whose single force can multitudes controul!

[*A Trumpet within.*]

Enter a Messenger

Messen. The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir,—
Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear.

Boab. Attend him he shall have his Audience here.

Enter the Duke of Arcos.

Arcos. The Monarchs of *Castile* and *Arragon*
Have sent me to you to demand this Town:
To which their just and rightful claim is known.

Boab. Tell *Ferdinand* my right to it appears.
By long possession of eight Hundred years.
When first my Ancestors from *Africk* sail'd,
In *Rodrique's* death your *Gothique* title fail'd.

Arcos. The Successors of *Rodrique* still remain;
And ever since have held some part of *Spain*.
Evn in the midst of your Victorious pow'rs
Th' *Asturia's*, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no right, except you force allow;
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

Boab. 'Tis true; from force the noblest title springs;
I therefore hold from that, which first made Kings.

Arcos. Since then by force you prove your title true,
Ours must be just; because we claim from you.
When with your Father you did joyntly reign,
Invading with your Moors the South of *Spain*,
I, who that day the Christians did command,
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.

Boab. Ile hear no more; defer what you would say:
In private we'll discourse some other day.

Arcos. Sir, you shall hear however you are loth,
That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your oath.
To gain you freedom you a Contract sign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King resign'd.

From thenceforth as his Vassal holding it,
 And paying tribute such as he thought fit:
 Contracting, when your Father came to die,
 To lay aside all marks of Royalty:
 And at *Parchena* privately to live;
 Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.

Boab The force us'd on me, made that Contract void:

Arcos. Why have you then its benefits enjoy'd?

By it you had not only freedom then,
 But since had aid of money and of men.
 And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
 You were by us restor'd, and he expell'd.
 Since that in peace we let you reap your grain,
 Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain,
 And more——

Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous care
 Against his Rebels prosecute the War,
 While he secure in your protection slept,
 For him you took, but for your self you kept.
 Thus, as some fawning usurer does feed
 With present summs th' unwary unthrifts need;
 You sold your kindness at a boundless rate,
 And then orepaid the debt from his Estate:
 Which, mouldring peicemeal, in your hands did fall;
 Till now at last you came to swoop it all.

Arcos. The wrong you do my King I cannot bear;
 Whose kindness you would odiously compare.
 Th' Estate was his; which yet, since you deny,
 He's now content in his own wrong to buy.

Almanz. And he shall buy it dear what his he calls:
 We will not give one stone from out these Walls.

Boab. Take this for answer, then—
 What e'er your arms have conquer'd of my land,
 I will for peace, resign to *Ferdinand*:
 To harder terms my mind I cannot bring;
 But as I still have liv'd, will die a King.

Arcos. Since thus you have resolv'd, henceforth prepare
 For all the last extremities of War:
 My King his hope from heaven's assistance draws:

Almanz. The Moors have heav'n and me t' assist their cause.

[Exit *Arcos*.]

Enter *Esperanza*.

Esper. Fair *Almabide*.
 (Who did with weeping eyes these discords see,
 And fears the omen may unlucky be:)
 Prepares a *Zambray* to be danc'd this night,
 In hope soft pleasures may your minds unite.

Boab. My Mistress gently chids the fault I made:
But tedious business has my Love delay'd;
Business which dares the joys of Kings invade.

Almanz. First let us sally out, and meet the foe:

Abdalla. Led on by you we on to Triumph goe.

Boab. Then, with the day let War and tumult cease:
The night be sacred to our love and peace:

'Tis just some joyes on weary Kings should wait;

'Tis all we gain by being slaves to State.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II.

Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ozmyn, Zulema, Hamet
as returning from the Sally.

Abdal. **T**His happy day does to *Granada* bring
A lasting Peace and Triumphs to the King:
The two fierce Factions will no longer jarr,
Since they have now been Brothers in the War:
Those, who apart in Emulation fought,
The common danger to one body brought;
And to his cost the proud *Castilian* finds
Our moorish courage in united minds.

Abdelmel. Since to each others aid our lives we owe,
Loose we the name of Faction and of foe,
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lindaraxa's* beauty I adore.

Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa's* charms
Which gain the Conquest I should loose by Arms;
And with my Sister may continue fair,
Thas I may keep a good,
Of whose possession I should else despair.

Ozmyn. While we indulge our common happiness
He is forgot to whom we all possess;
The brave *Almanzor* to whose arms we owe
And that we did and all that we shall do?
Who, like a Tempest that out-rides the Wind,
Made a just battle e'er the bodies join'd.

Abdalla. His Victories we scarce could keep in view,
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough drew.

Abdel. Fate after him, below with pain did move,
And Victory could scarce keep pace above.

Death

Death did at length so many slain forget ;
And lost the tale and took 'em by the great.

[To them Almanzor with the
Duke of Arcos prisoner.

Hamet. See here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did command
The vanquish'd Army of King *Ferdinand*:

[Almanzor to the Duke of Arcos.

Thus far your masters arms a fortune find
Below the swell'd ambition of his mind:
And *Alba* shuts a mis-believers reign
From out the best and goodliest part of *Spain*.
Let *Ferdinand* *Calabrian* Conquests make,
And from the *French* contested *Millan* take,
Let him new Worlds discover to the old,
And break up shining Mountains big with gold,
Yet he shall find this small Domestique foe
Still sharp, and pointed to his bosom grow.

Duke of Arc. Of small advantages too much you boast,
You beat the out-guards of my Masters hoast:
This little loss in our vast body, shews
So small, that half have never heard the news.
Fame's out of breath 'ere she can fly so far
To tell 'em all, that you have 'ere made War.

Almanz. It pleases me your Army is so great:
For now I know there's more to conquer yet.
By Heav'n I'll see what Troops you have behind;
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the Wind:
And, with bent forehead, full against it go,
Till I have found the last and utmost foe.

Duke. Believe you shall not long attend in vain;
To morrow's dawn shall cover all your Plain.
Bright Arms shall flash upon you from afar;
A wood of Lances, and a moving War.
But I, unhappy in my hands, must yet
Be only pleas'd to hear of your defeat:
And, with a slaves inglorious ease remain,
Till conquering *Ferdinand* has broke my chain.

Almanz. Vain man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak!
I hold thy chain too fast for him to break.
But since thou threatn'st us, I'll set thee free,
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

Duke. Old as I am, I take thee at thy word,
And will to morrow thank thee with my sword.

Almanz. I'll go and instantly acquaint the King:
And suddain orders for thy freedom bring.

Thou canst not be so pleas'd at Liberty,
As I shall be to find thou darst be free.

[*Exeunt Almanzor, Arcos; and the rest
excepting only Abdalla and Zulema.*]

Abdalla. Of all those Christians who infest this Town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of most renown.

Zulema. Oft have I heard, that in your Fathers reign,
His bold Advent'ers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;
Then, under *Ponce Leon's* name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
Till in disgrace, from *Spain* at length he went,
And since, continued long in banishment.

Abdalla. But see, your beauteous Sister does appear.

[*To them Lindaraxa.*]

Zulema. By my desire she came to find me here:

[*Zulema and Lindaraxa whisper; then Zulema
goes out; and Lindaraxa is going after.*]

Abdalla. Why, fairest *Lindaraxa*, do you fly
A Prince, who at your feet is proud to dye? [staying her.]

Lindaraxa. Sir, I should blush to own so rude a thing, [staying.]
As 'tis to shun the Brother of my King.

Abdal. In my hard fortune I some ease should find,
Did your Disdain extend to all Mankind.
But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.

Lindar. Take my Esteem, if you on that can live,
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
If, from my heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the place is taken up before.

Abdal. My Rival merits you.
To *Abdelmelech* I will Justice do;
For he wants worth who dares not praise a Foe.

Lind. That for his Virtue, Sir, you make defence,
Shows in your own a Noble confidence:
But him defending, and excusing me,
I know not what can your advantage be.

Abdal. I fain would ask, ere I proceed in this,
If, as by choice, you are by promise, his?

Lindar. Th^t Engagement only in my Love does lie,
But that's a knot which you can ne'er untie.

Abdal. When Cities are besieg'd and treat to yield,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flag of Parley may be taken down,
Till the success of those without be known.

Lindar. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet possess'd,
Yet I have seal'd the Treaty for my breast.

Abdal.

Adal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a day,
Some chance might break it, would you but delay:
If I can judge the secrets of your heart,
Ambition in it has the greatest part;
And wisdom then will shew some difference,
Betwixt a private Person and a Prince.

Lindar. Princes are Subjects still ———
Subject and Subject can small difference bring:
The difference is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And since, Sir, you are none, your hopes remove;
For less than Empire I'll not change my love.

Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I should prize in it,
Should be the pow'r to lay it at your feet.

Lin. Had you that Crown which you but wish, not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might sloop, and take it up.
But till your wishes, and your hopes agree,
You shall be still a private Man with me.

Abdal. If I am King, and if my Brother dye ———

Lindar. Two if's, scarce make one possibility.

Abdal. The rule of happiness by reason scan;
You may be happy with a private man.

Lindar. That happiness I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then that private man must not be you.
Where e'r I love, I'm happy in my choice;
If I make you so, you shall pay my price.

Abdal. Why wou'd you be so great?

Lindar. ——— Because I've seen,
This day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of her Eye:
None could be seen while *Almahide* was by;
Because she is to be her Majesty.

Why wou'd I be a Queen! because my Face
Wou'd wear the Title with a better grace.
If I became it not, yet it wou'd be
Part of your duty, then, to flatter me.
These are not half the Charms of being great;
I wou'd be somewhat ——— that I know not yet:
Yes; I avow th'ambition of my Soul,
To be that one, to live without control:
And that's another happiness to me
To be so happy as but one can be.

Abdal. Madam, (because I would all doubts remove,)
Wou'd you, were I a King, accept my Love?

Lind. I wou'd accept it; and to show 'tis true;
From any other man as soon as you.

Abdal.

Abdal. Your sharp replies makes me not love you less;
But make me seek new paths to Happiness.
What I design, by time will best be seen.
You may be mine and yet may be a Queen:
When you are so, your word your Love assures.

Lind. Perhaps not Love you — but I will be yours.

[*He offers to take her hand and kiss it.*]

Stay, Sir, that grace I cannot yet allow;
Before you set the Crown upon my brow..
That favour which you seek —
Or *Abdelmelech*, or a King must have,
When you are so, then you may be my slave.

[*Exit: but looks smiling back on him.*]

Abdal. How e'er imperious in her words she were,
Her parting looks had nothing of severe.
A glancing smile allur'd me to command;
And her soft fingers gently prest my hand.
I felt the pleasure glid through every part;
Her hand went through me to my very heart.
For such another pleasure did he live,
I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
What did I say!

Father! that impious thought has shock'd my mind:
How bold our passions are, and yet how blind!
She's gone; and now
Methinks there is less glory in a Crown;
My boiling passions settle and go down:
Like amber chaf't, when she is near she acts,
When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.

[*To him Zulema.*]

Assist me, *Zulema*, if thou would'st be
That friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.
Betwixt my love and virtue I am tost;
This must be forfeited or that be lost:
I could do much to merit thy applause;
Help me to fortify the better cause.
My honour is not wholly put to flight;
But would, if seconded, renew the fight.

Zul. I met my Sister; but I do not see
What difficulty in your choice can be:
She told me all; and 'tis so plain a case,
You need not ask, what counsel to embrace.

Abdal. I stand reprov'd, that I did doubt at all;
My waiting Virtue stay'd but for thy call:
'Tis plain that she who for a Kingdom, now
Would sacrifice her Love, and break her vow,

Not out of Love but Int'rest, acts alone,
And wou'd, ev'n in my Arms, lie thinking of a Throne.

Zulema. Add to the rest this one reflection more,
When she is married, and you still adore,
Think then, and think what comfort it will bring,
She had been mine——

Had I but only dar'd to be a King !

Abdal. I hope you only would my honour try ;
I'm loth to think you Virtue's enemy.

Zulema. If, when a Crown and Mistress are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy face ;
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's foe ;
Why does she come where she has nought to do ?
Let her with Anchorites not with Lovers lie ;
Statesmen and they keep better Company.

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our head-strong will :

Zulema. Reason but shews a weak Physician's skill :
Gives nothing while the raging fit does last ;
But stays to cure it when the worst is past.
Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone ;
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Abdal. In curst Ambition I no rest should find ;
But must for ever lose my peace of mind.

Zul. Methinks that peace of mind were bravely lost ;
A Crown, what e'r we give, is worth the cost.

Abdal. Justice distributes to each man his right,
But what she gives not, should I take by might ?

Zulem. If Justice will take all and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

Abdal. Had Fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born ;
And then, without a Crime, the Crown had worn.

Zul. Would you so please, Fate yet a way would find ;
Man makes his fate according to his mind.

The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her slave ;
But she's a drudge, when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weaves common Thread, he'll change the doom ;
And with new purple spread a Nobler loom.

Abdal. No more ; — I will usurp the Royal Seat ;
Thou who hast made me wicked, make me great.

Zulem. Your way is plain ; the Death of *Tarifa*
Does on the King, our *Zegry's* hatred draw ;
Though with our Enemies in show we close,
'Tis but while we to purpose can be foes.

Selin, who heads us, would revenge his Son ;
But favour hinders justice to be done.

Proud *Ozmyn* with the King his pow'r maintaias :
And, in him, each *Abencerrago* reigns.

Abdal. What face of any title can I bring?

Zulem. The right an eldest Son has to be King.

Your Father was at first a private man ;

And got your Brother ere his reign began.

When, by his Valour, he the Crown had won,

Then you were born, a Monarch's eldest Son.

Abdal. To sharp ey'd reason this would seem untrue ;

But reason, I through Love's false Opticks view.

Zulem. Love's mighty pow'r has led me Captive too :

I am in it unfortunate as you.

Abdal. Our Loves and fortunes shall together go,

Thou shalt be happy when I first am so.

Zulem. The *Zegry's* at old *Selin's* house are met ;

Where in close Council, for revenge they sit,

There we our common int'rest will unite ;

You their revenge shall own, and they your right.

One thing I had forgot which may import ;

I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court.

But with a discompos'd and speedy pace,

A fiery colour kindling all his face :

The King his Pris'ners freedom has deny'd :

And that refusal has provok'd his pride.

Abdal. Would he were ours !

I'll try to gild th' injustice of his cause ;

And court his Valour with a vast applause.

Zulema. The bold are but the Instruments o'th' wise :

They undertake the dangers we advise.

And while our fabrick with their pains we raise,

We take the profit, and pay them with praise.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Almanzor, Abdalla.

Alman. **T**Hat he should dare to do me this disgrace !

Is Fool or Coward writ upon my face ?

Refuse my Pris'ner ! I such means will use,

He shall not have a Pris'ner to refuse.

Abdal. He said you were not by your promise ty'd ;

That he absolv'd your word when he deny'd.

Almanzor.

Almanz. He break my promise and absolve my vow!
 'Tis more than *Mahomet* himself can do.
 The word which I have giv'n shall stand like Fate;
 Not like the King's, that Weathercock of State.
 He stands so high, with so unfixt a mind,
 Two Factions turn him with each blast of wind:
 But now he shall not veer : my word is past :
 I'll take his heart by th' roots, and hold it fast.

Abdal. You have your Veng'ance in your hand this hour,
 Make me the humble Creature of your pow'r :
 The *Granadins* will gladly me obey ;
 (Tir'd with so base and impotent a sway.)
 And when I shew my Title, you shall see
 I have a better Right to Reign, than he:

Almanz. It is sufficient that you make the claim :
 You wrong our Friendship when your Right you name.
 When for my self I fight, I weigh the cause ;
 But Friendship will admit of no such Laws :
 That weighs by th' lump, and, when the cause is light,
 Puts kindness in to set the Ballance right.
 True, I would wish my friend the juster side :
 But in th' unjust my kindness more is try'd.
 And all the opposition I can bring,
 Is, that I fear to make you such a King.

Abdal. The Majesty of Kings we should not blame,
 When Royal minds adorn the Royal name :
 The vulgar, greatness too much Idolize,
 But haughty Subjects it too much despise.

Almanz. I only speak of him,
 Whom Pomp and Greatness sit so loose about,
 That he wants Majesty to fill them out.

Abdal. Hasten then, and lose no time ———
 The business must be enterpriz'd this Night.
 We must surprise the Court in its delight.

Almanz. For you to will, for me 'tis to obey ;
 But I would give a Crown in open day :
 And, when the *Spaniards* their Assault begin,
 At once beat those without, and these within. [Exit Almanzor.

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. Abdalla, hold ; there's somewhat I intend
 To speak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.

Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear ;
 And what a Rival says I cannot fear.

Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do : }
 Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendship too, }
 All for a fickle Beauty you forgo. E 2 }

Think

Think, and turn back before it be too late ;
Behold, in me th' example of your Fate.
I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd and lost,
My ruins stand to warn you from the Coast.

Abdal. Your Councils, noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My reason to accept 'em ; not my Love.
Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man so weak defence,
To trust frail reason with the rule of Sense !
'Tis over-pois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While sense weighs down the Scale ; and keeps it there.
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away :
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebel's sway.

Abdelm. No, no ; our Reason was not vainly lent ;
Nor is a slave but by its own consent,
If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An easie King deserves no better Fate.

Abdal. You speak too late ; my Empire's lost too far,
I cannot fight.

Abdelm. ——— Then make a flying War,
Dilodge betimes before you are beset.

Abdal. Her tears, her smiles, her every look's a Net.
Her voice is like a Syren's of the Land ;
And bloody Hearts lie panting in her hand.

Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt the danger still ?

Abdal. Love like a Lethargy has seiz'd my Will.

I'm not my self, since from her sight I went ;
I lean my Trunk that way ; and there stand bent,
As one, who in some frightful Dream, would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run ;
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans,
So I ———

Abdelm. ——— Some Friend in Charity, should shake
And rouse, and call you loudly till you wake.
Too well I know her blandishments to gain,
Usurper-like, till settled in her Reign ;
Then proudly she insults, and gives you cares
And jealousies ; short hopes, and long despairs.
To this hard yoke you must hereafter bow ;
Howe'r she shines all Golden to you now.

Abdal. Like him, who on the Ice ———
Slides swiftly on, and sees the water near,
Yet cannot stop himself in his career :
So am I carry'd. This enchanted place,
Like *Circe's* Isle, is peopled with a Race

Of Dogs and Swine, yet, though their fate I know,
I look with pleasure, and am turning too.

[Lyndaraxa passes over the Stage.]

Abdelm. Fly, fly, before th'allurements of her face ;
Ere she return with some resistless grace,
And with new magick covers all the place.

Abdal. I cannot, will not ; nay, I would not fly ;
I'll love ; be blind, be cozen'd till I dye.
And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,
I'll hate, and if I can, I'll kill you for her sake.

Abdel. Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that choice approve,
I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love :
Prudence, that stemm'd the stream, is out of breath ;
And to go down it, is the easier death.

Lyndaraxa re-enters and smiles on Abdalla.

[Exit Abdalla.]

Abdel. That smile on Prince *Abdalla*, seem's to say
You are not in your killing mood to day,
Menbrand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,
But you're too good to see poor Lovers die.
This God-like pity in you I extol ;
And more, because, like Heaven's, 'tis general.

Lynd. My smile implies not that I grant his suit :
'Twas but a bare return of his salute.

Abdel. It said, you were engag'd and I in place :
But to please both, you would divide the grace.

Lynd. You've cause to be contented with your part :
When he has but the look, and you the heart.

Abdel. In giving but that look, you give what's mine :
I'll not one corner of a glance resign :

All's mine ; and I am cov'rous of my store :
I have not love enough ; I'll tax you more.

Lynd. I gave not love ; 'twas but civility,
He is a Prince ; that's due to his degree.

Abdel. That Prince you smil'd on is my Rival still :
And shou'd, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

Lynd. I know not how to show so rude a spight.

Abdel. That is, you know not how to love aright ;
Or, if you did, you would more difference see
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.
Mark, if his Birth makes any difference,
If, to his words, it adds one grain of Sense :
That duty which his Birth can make his due
I'll pay ; but it shall not be paid by you.
For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Lynd.

Lynd. And when did I my pow'r so far resign,
That you should regulate each look of mine ?

Abdel. Then, when you gave your Love, you gave that pow'r.

Lynd. 'Twas during pleasure, 'tis revok'd this hour.
Now call me false, and rail on Woman-kind,
'Tis all the remedy you're like to find.

Abdel. Yes, there's one more,
I'll hate you ; and this visit is my last.

Lynd. Do't, if you can ; you know I hold you fast.
Yet, for your quiet, would you could resign
Your love, as easily as I do mine.

Abdel. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd she speaks !
With what indifference all her Vows she breaks !
Curse on me ; but she smiles.

Lynd. That smil's a part of Love ; and all's your due :
I take it from the Prince, and give it you.

Abdel. Just Heav'n, must my poor heart your May-game prove
To bandy, and make Childrens play in Love ? [Half crying.

Ah ! how have I this Cruelty deserv'd ?

I who so truly and so long have serv'd !

And left so easily ! oh cruel Maid !

So easily ! 'twas too unkindly said.

That Heart which could so easily remove,
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.

Lynd. You Lodg'd it so uneasy in your Breast,
I thought you had been weary of the Guest.

First I was treated like a stranger there ;

But, when a Household Friend I did appear,

You thought, it seems, I could not live elsewhere.

Then, by degrees, your feign'd respect withdrew :

You mark'd my Actions ; and my Guardian grew.

But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame :

My heart to yours, but upon liking came.

And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys molest,

Stays not to breed, where she had built her Nest.

Abdel. I have done ill—

And dare not ask you to be less displeas'd :

Be but more angry, and my pain is eas'd.

Lynd. If I should be so kind a Fool to take

This little satisfaction which you make,

I know you would presume some other time

Upon my Goodness, and repeat your Crime.

Abdel. Oh never, never : upon no pretence :

My Life's too short to expiate this offence.

Lynd. No ; now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try ;

'Tis in your Nature, and past remedy.

You'll

You'll still disquiet my too loving Heart :

Now we are friends, 'tis best for both to part. [*Taking her Hand.*]

Abdel. By this——will you not give me leave to swear?

Lynd. You wou'd be perjur'd if you should I fear.

And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next,
I with your fond suspicions shall be vex'd.

Abdel. I cannot say I'll conquer Jealousie :

But if you'll freely pardon-me, I'll try.

Lynd. And, till you that submissive Servant prove,
I never can conclude you truly love.

[*To them, the King, Almahide, Abenamar, Esperanza, Guards, Attendants.*]

King. Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming fair ;
Blessing of Peace, and recompence of War.

This Night is yours ; and may your Life still be
The same in Joy, though not Solemnity.

The Zambra Dance.

S O N G.

1.

Beneath a Myrtle-shade

*Which Love for none but happy Lovers made
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought;
Phillis, the object of my waking thought;
Undress'd she came my flames to meet;
While Love strow'd flow'rs beneath her feet;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.*

2.

From the bright Vision's head,

*A careless veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sun-shine not too brown nor fair,
Her hands, her lips did love inspire;
Her every grace my heart did fire:
But most her eyes which languish'd with desire.*

3.

Al, Charming fair, said I,

*How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love, this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made:
Silence and shades with love agree:
Both shelter you and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.*

4.

No, let me dye, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid :
 Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
 Then die, said I, she's still deny'd :
 And, is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd
 Thou use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd !

5.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
 I lov'd so well it made my dream prove true :
 Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
 Fancy had done what Phillis won'd not do !
 Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
 While I can dream you scorn in vain :
 Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

[After the Dance, a tumultuous noise of
 Drums and Trumpets.

To them Ozmyn ; his Sword drawn.

Ozm. Arm, quickly, arm, yet all, I fear, too late :
 The Enemy's already at the Gate.

K. Boab. The Christians are dislodg'd ? what Foe is near ?

Ozm. The Zegry's are in Arms, and almost here.
 The Streets with Torches shine, with Shoutings ring,
 And Prince Abdalla is proclaim'd the King.
 What Man cou'd do I have already done,
 But bold Almanzor fiercely leads 'em on.

Abenam. Th' Albambra yet is safe in my Command, [To the King.
 Retreat you thither while their shock we stand.

Boab. I cannot meanly for my life provide,
 I'll either perish in't, or stem this Tide.

To guard the Palace, Ozmyn, be your care,

If they o'ercome, no Sword will hurt the fair.

Ozm. I'll either die, or I'll make good the place.

Abdel. And I, with these, will bold Almanzor face.

[Exeunt all but the Ladies. An alarm within.

Almah. What dismal Planer did my Triumphs light :

Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night :

The noise my Soul does through my Sences wound.

Lynd. Methinks it is a noble, sprightly sound.

The Trumpets clangor, and the clash of Arms !

This noise may chill your Blood, but mine it warms :

[Shouting and clashing of Swords within.

We have already past the Rubicon.

The Dice are mine : now Fortune for a Throne.

[A shout within, and clashing of Swords afar off.

The

The sound goes farther off; and faintly dies,
Curse of this going back, these ebbing cries!
Ye Winds waft hither sounds more strong, and quick:
Beat faster, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.

I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,
And add new fire to those that fight below.
Thence *Hero*-like, with Torches by my side,
(Far be the *Omen*, though,) my Love I'll guide.

No; like his better fortune I'll appear:

With open Arms, loose Veil, and flowing Hair,
Just flying forward from my rowling Sphere,
My smiles shall make *Abdalla* more than Man;
Let him look up and perish if he can.

[Exit.

*An alarm, nearer: Then Enter Almanzor; and Selin, in the
head of the Zegrys. Ozmyñ Pris'ner.*

Almanz. We have not fought enough; they fly too soon:
And I am griev'd the noble sport is done.
This only man of all whom chance did bring

[Pointing to Ozmyñ.

To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.
His brave resistance did my Fortune grace;
So slow, so threatening forward he gave place.
His Chains be easie and his usage fair.

Selin. I beg you would commit him to my care.

Almanz. Next, the brave Spaniard free without delay:
And with a Convoy send him safe away.

[Exit a Guard.

To them Hamet and others.

Hamet. The King by me salutes you; and, to show
That to your Valour he his Crown does owe,
Would from your mouth I should the World receive;
And, that to these you would your Orders give.

Almanz. He much o'er rates the little I have done.

[Almanzor goes to the door, and there seems to
give out Orders, by sending People several ways.

Selin to Ozmyñ.

Now to revenge the murder of my Son.
To morrow for thy certain death prepare:
This night I only leave thee to despair.

Ozmyñ. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:
My business was to die, or Conquer here.
Sister, for you I grieve I cou'd no more:
My present State betrays my want of pow'r.
But, when true Courage is of force bereft,
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left.

[Exit cum Selin.

Almah. Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains
But Death; or, worse than Death, inglorious Chains!

Eſper. Madam, you muſt not to deſpair give place;
 Heaven never meant miſfortune to that Face.
 Suppoſe there were no Juſtice in your cauſe,
 Beauty's a bribe that gives her Judges Laws.
 That you are brought to this deplor'd eſtate,
 Is but th' ingenious flattery of your Fate;
 Fate fears her ſuccour like an alms to give :
 And would, you, God-like, from your ſelf ſhould live.

Almah. Mark but how terrible his eyes appear!
 And yet there's ſomething roughly noble there,
 Which, in unfashion'd Nature, looks Divine;
 And like a Gem does in the Quarry ſhine.

*Almanzor returns; ſhe falls at
 his feet being veil'd*

Almah. Turn, Mighty Conqueror, turn your face this way,
 Do not reſuſe to hear the wretched pray.

Almanz. What buſineſs can this Woman have with me?

Almah. That of th' afflicted to the Deity.

So may your Arms ſucceſs in battles find:
 So may the Miſtriſs of your vows be kind,
 If you have any; or, if you have none,
 So may your Liberty be ſtill your own.

Almanz. Yes I will turn my face; but not my mind:
 You bane, and ſoft deſtruction of mankind,
 What would you have with me?

Almahide. ——— I beg the grace [Unveiling.]
 You would lay by thoſe terrors of your face.
 Till calmneſs to your eyes you firſt reſtore
 I am-afraid, and I can beg no more. [Alman: looking fixedly on her.]
 Well; my fierce viſſage ſhall not murder you:
 Speak quickly, Woman; I have much to do.

Almah. Where ſhould I find the heart to ſpeak one word,
 Your voice, Sir, is as killing as your ſword.
 As you have left the lightning of your eye,
 So would you pleaſe to lay your thunder by!

Almanz. I'm pleas'd and pain'd ſince firſt her eyes I ſaw,
 As I were ſtung with ſome *Tarantula* :
 Arms, and the duſty field I leſs admire;
 And ſoften ſtrangely in ſome new deſire.
 Honour burns in me, not ſo fiercely bright;
 But pale, as fires when maſter'd by the light.
 Ev'n while I ſpeak and look, I change yet more;
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm mum'd, and fix'd, and ſcarce my eye balls move;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!

'Tis he ; I feel him now in every part :
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my heart,
 Surveys in state each corner of my Breast,
 While poor fierce I, that was, am dispossess'd
 I'm bound; but I will rouse my rage again :
 And though no hope of Liberty remain,
 I'll fright my Keeper when I shake my Chain.
 You are——

[*Angerly.*]

Almah. —— I know I am your Captive, Sir :

Almanz. You are—— You shall—— And I can scarce forbear——

Almah. Alas!

Almanz. 'Tis all in vain; it will not do:

[*Aside.*]

I cannot now a seeming anger show :
 My tongue against my heart no aid affords,
 For Love still rises up, and choaks my words.

Almah. In half this time a Tempest would be still,

Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that tempest in my will,
 I wonnot love you, give me back my heart.

But give it as you had it, fierce and brave :

It was not made to be a womans slave :

But Lyon-like has been in desarts bred ;

And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.

Restore its freedom to my fetter'd will,

And then I shall have pow'r to use you ill.

Almah. My sad condition may your pity move ;

But look not on me with the eyes of Love.——

I must be brief, though I have much to say.

Almanz. No, speak: for I can hear you now, all day:

Her suing sooths me with a secret pride:

A suppliant beauty cannot be deny'd :

Ev'n while I frown, her charms the furrows seize;

And I'm corrupted with the pow'r to please.

Almah. Though in your worth no cause of fear I see;

I fear the insolence of Victory :

As you are noble, Sir, protect me then,

From the rude outrage of insulting men.

Almanz. Who dares touch her I love? I'm all o'er love:

Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,

He shot himself into my breast at last.

Almah. You see before you, her who should be Queen,
 Since she is promis'd to *Boabdelin*.

Almanz. Are you belov'd by him! O wretched fate,

First that I love at all; then, loved too late!

Yet, I must love!

Almah. —— Alas it is in vain;
 Fate for each other did not us ordain.

The chances of this day too clearly show
That Heav'n took care that it should not be so.

Almanz. Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one day,
But fate's yet hor———
I'll make it take a bent another way.

*[He walks swiftly and discom-
posedly studying.]*

I bring a claim which does his right remove:
You're his by promise, but you're mine by Love.
'Tis all but Ceremony which is past:
The knot's to tie which is to make you fast.
Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that pow'r:
He woo'd you but as my Ambassador.

Almah. Our Souls are ty'd by Holy vows above.

Almanz. He sign'd but his: but I will seal my love.

I love you better; with more Zeal than he.

Almah. This day———

I gave my faith to him, he his to me.

Almanz. Good Heav'n thy Book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the Journal of this day.

Or, if the order of the World below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her vow.

" That Minute, ev'n the happy, from their bliss might give,

" And those who live in grief, a shorter time would live.

So small a link, if broke, th' Eternal chain

Would, like divided waters, joyn again.

It wonnot be; the fugitive is gone;

Prest by the Crowd of following minutes on:

That precious Moment's out of Nature fled:

And in the heap of common rubbish laid,

Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

Almah. Your passion, like a fright suspends my pain:

It meets, o'er-powers, and beats mine back again.

But, as when Tydes against the Current flow,

The Native stream runs its own course below:

So, though your griefs possess the upper part,

My own have deeper Channels in my heart.

Almanz. Forgive that fury which my Soul does move,

'Tis the Essay of an untaught first Love.

Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express:

'Tis Love just peeping in a hasty dress.

Retire, fair Creature to your needful rest;

There's something noble lab'ring in my breast:

This raging fire which through the Mass does move,
Shall purge my dross, and Shall refine my Love.

[*Exeunt Almahide, and Esperanza.*]

She goes ; And I, like my own Ghost appear :
It is not living, when she is not here.

[*To him Abdalla as King, attended.*]

Abdal. My first acknowledgments to Heav'n are due :

My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

Almanz. A poor Surprize, and on a naked Foe.

Whatever you confess, is all you owe.

And I no merit own or understand

That fortune did you Justice by my hand.

Yet, if you will that little service pay

With a great favour I can shew the way.

Abdal. I have a favour to demand of you ;

That is to take the thing for which you sue.

Almanz. Then, briefly, thus ; when I th' *Albayzini* won,

I found the beauteous *Almahide* alone :

Whose sad condition did my pity move :

And that compassion did produce my love.

Abdal. This needs no suite ; in Justice, I declare

She is your Captive by the right of War,

Almanz. She is no Captive, then ; I set her free,

And rather than I will her Jaylor be,

I'll Nobly loose her in her liberty.

Abdal. Your generosity I much approve,

But your excess of that shows want of Love.

Almanz. No, 'tis th' excess of Love, which mounts so high,

That, seen far off, it lessens to the eye.

Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free,

That, Sir, had been my generosity :

But 'tis exalted passion when I show

I dare be wretched, not to make her so.

And, while another passion fills her breast,

I'll be all wretched rather than half blest.

Abdal. May your heroick Act so prosperous be,

That *Almahide* may sigh you set her free.

Enter Zulema.

Zulema. Of five tall Tow'rs which fortify this Town,

All but th' *Albambra* your dominion own,

Now therefore boldly I confess a flame

Which is excus'd in *Almahide's* name.

If you the merit of this night regard,

In her possession I have my reward.

Almanz. She your reward ! why she's a gift so great —

That I my self have not deserv'd her yet.

And therefore, though I won her with my Sword,

I have, with awe, my Sacrilege restor'd.

Zulema

Zulem. What you deserve——
 I'll not dispute because I do not know,
 This, only I will say, She shall not go.
Almanz. Thou, single, art not worth my answering,
 But take what friends, what armies thou canst bring;
 What worlds; and when you are united all,
 Then, I will thunder in your ears,—She shall.

Zulema. I'll not one tittle of my right resign;
 Sir, your implicate promise made her mine.
 When I in general terms my love did show,
 You swore our fortunes should together go.

Abdal. The merits of the cause I'll not decide,
 But, like my love, I would my gift divide
 Your equal titles, then, no longer plead;
 But one of you, for love of me recede.

Almanz. I have receded to the utmost line,
 When, by my free consent, she is not mine.
 Then let him equally recede with me,
 And both of us will joyn to set her free.

Zul. If you will free your part of her you may;
 But, Sir, I love not your Romantick way.
 Dream on; enjoy her Soul; and set that free;
 I'm pleas'd her person should be left for me.

Almanz. Thou shalt not with her thine; thou shalt not dare
 To be so impudent, as to despair.

Zul. The Zegrys, Sir, are all concern'd to see
 How much their merit you neglect in me.

Hamet. Your slighting *Zulema*, this very hour
 Will take ten thousand Subjects from your pow'r.

Almanz. What are ten thousand subjects such as they;
 If I am scorn'd——I'll take my self away.

Abdal. Since both cannot possess what both pursue;
 I grieve, my friend, the chance should fall on you.
 But when you hear what reasons I can urge——

Almanz. None, none that your ingratitude can purge.
 Reason's a trick, when it no grant affords:
 It stamps the face of Majesty on words.

Abdal. Your boldness to your services I give:
 Now take it as your full reward to live.

Almanz. To live!
 If from my hands alone my death can be,
 I am immortal; and a God to thee.
 If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's so low
 That I must sloop e'er I can give the blow.
 But mine is fix'd so far above thy Crown,

That all thy men.
 Pil'd on thy back can never pull it down.
 But at my ease thy destiny I send,
 By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.
 Like Heav'n, I need but only to stand still;
 And, not concurring to thy life, I kill,
 Thou canst no title to my duty bring:
 I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.
 Farewel, when I am gone
 There's not a star of thine dare stay with thee:
 I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me:
 And whirl fate with me wheresoe'er I fly,
 As winds drive storms before 'em in the Sky.

[Exit.]

Zulema. Let not this insolent unpunish'd go;
 Give your Commands; your Justice is too slow.
[Zulema, Hamet and others, are going after him.]

Abdal. Stay: and what part he pleases let him take;
 I know my Throne's too strong for him to shake;
 But my fair mistress I too long forget:
 The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.
 Without her presence all my Joys are vain;
 Empire a Curse; and life it self a pain.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Guards.

Boab. **A**Dvise, or aid, but do not pity me;
 No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
 Pity descends from Kings to all below;
 But can no more than Fountains upward flow.
 Witness just Heav'n, my greatest grief has been
 I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

Aben. I have too long th'effects of Fortune known,
 Either to trust her Smiles, or fear her Frown.
 Since in their first attempt you were not slain,
 Your safety bodes you yet a second reign.
 The people, like a headlong torrent go;
 And, every dam they break, or overflow:
 But unoppos'd, they either lose their force,
 Or wind in volumes to their former course.

Boab. In walls we meanly must our hopes inclose,
 To wait our friends and weary out our foes,
 Wile *Almahide*

To

To lawless Rebels is expos'd a prey,
And forc'd the lustful Victor to obey.

Aben. One of my blood, in rules of Virtue bred!
Think better of her, and believe she's dead. [To them *Almanz.*

Boab. We are betray'd; the Enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear.

Almanz. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you see,
But he no longer is your Enemy.

You were ungrateful, but your foes were more;
What your injustice lost you, theirs restore.

Make profit of my vengeance while you may,
My two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.

I am your fortune; but am swift like her,
And turn my hairy front if you defer:

That hour when you deliberate is too late:
I point you the white moment of your fate.

Aben. Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla's* spy;
He would betray us to the Enemy.

Alman. Were I, like thee, in Cheats of State grown old,
(Those publick Markets, were for foreign gold,

The poorest Prince is to the richest sold;)
Then thou mightst think me fit for that low part:

But I am yet to learn the Statesman's art.
My kindness and my hate unmask'd I wear;

For friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.
My heart's so plain,

That Men on every passing though may look,
Like Fishes gliding in a Crystal brook:

When troubled most, it does the bottom show,
'Tis weedless all above; and rockless all below.

Aben. Ere he be trusted let him then be try'd,
He may be false who once has chang'd his side.

Almanz. In that you more accuse your selves than me:
None who are injur'd can unconstant be.

You were unconstant; you who did the wrong;
To do me Justice does to me belong.

Great Souls by kindness only can be ty'd;
Injur'd again, again I'll leave your side.

Honour is what my self and friends I owe;
And none can loose it who forsake a foe.

Since, then, your Foes now happen to be mine,
Though not in friendship we'll in interest join.

So while my lov'd revenge is full and high,
I'll give you back your Kingdom by the bye.

Boabdelin embracing him.

That I so long delay'd what you desire
Was not to doubt your worth, but to admire.

Almanz.

Almanz. This Counsellor an old man's caution shows,
 Who fears that little he has left, to lose:
 Age sets fortune; while youth boldly throw's.
 But let us first your drooping Souldiers cheer:
 Then seek out danger, ere it dare appear.
 This hour I fix your Crown upon your brow,
 Next hour Fate gives it; but I give it now. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Lyndaraxa alone.

O could I read the dark decrees of fate,
 That I might once know whom to love or hate!
 For I my self scarce my own thoughts can guess,
 So much I find them varied by success.
 As in some weather-glass my Love I hold:
 Which falls or rises with the heat or cold.
 I will be constant yet, if fortune can;
 I love the King: let her but name the Man.

To her Halyma.

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman to me unknown
 Desires that he may speak with you alone.

Lynd. Some Message from the King: let him appear.

*To her Abdelmelech: who, Ent'ring,
 throws off his disguise, She starts.*

Abdel. I see you are amaz'd that I am here.
 But let at once your Fear and wonder end;
 In the Usurpers guard I found a friend,
 Who led me to you safe in this Disguise.

Lynd. Your danger brings this Trouble in my eyes.
 But what affair this vent'rous visit drew?

Abdel. The greatest in the World; the seeing you.

Lynd. The Courage of your Love I so admire
 That to preserve you, you shall straight retire.

[She leads him to the door.]

Go, dear, each Minute does new dangers bring;
 You will be taken; I expect the King.

Abdel. The King! the poor Usurper of an Hour,
 His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly pow'r.
 I warn you as a Lover and a Friend,
 To leave him ere his short dominion end.
 The Souldier I suborn'd will wait at night;
 And shall alone be conscious of your flight.

Lynd. I thank you that you so much care bestow,
 But, if his Reign be short, I need not go.

For why should I expose my life and yours,
For what, you say, a little time allures?

Abdel. My danger in th' attempt is very small;
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all;
But, though his ruine be as sure as Fate,
Your proof of Love to me would come too late.
This Tryal, I in kindness wou'd allow;
'Tis easie, if you love me, show it now.

Lynd. It is because I Love you, I refuse;
For all the World my Conduct would accuse.
If I should go, with him I love, away:
And therefore, in strict virtue, I will stay.

Abdel. You would in vain dissemble Love to me:
Through that thin Veil your Artifice I see.
You would expect th' event and then declare:
But do not, do not, drive me to despair.
For if you now refuse with me to fly,
Rather than love you after this I'll die.
And therefore weigh it well before you speak;
My King is safe; his force within not weak.

Lynd. The Counsel you have giv'n me, may be wise:
But, since the affair is great, I will advise.

Abdel. Then that delay, I for denial take. [Is going.]

Lynd. Stay, you too swift an Exposition make.
If I should go, since Zulema will stay,
I should my brother to the King betray.

Abdel. There is no fear: but, if there were, I see
You value still your brother more than me.
Farewel; some ease I in your falsehood find;
It lets a beam in, that will clear my mind.
My former weakness I with shame, confess:
And when I see you next shall love you less. [Is going again.]

Lynd. Your Faithless dealings you may blush to tell [Weeping.]
This is a Maids reward who loves too well. [He looks back.]
Remember that I drew my latest breath
In charging your unkindness with my death.

Abdel. coming back.
Have I not answer'd all you can invent
Ev'n the least shadow of an Argument?

Lynd. You want not cunning what you please to prove;
But my poor heart knows only how to love.
And, finding this, you Tyrannize the more:
'Tis plain, some other Mistress you adore.
And now, with studied tricks of subtilty,
You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me. [Wringing her hands.]
But oh, that I should love so false a man!

Abdel.

Abdel. Hear me, and then disprove it, if you can.

Lynd. I'll hear no more; your breach of Faith is plain:
You would with Wit, your want of Love maintain.
But, by my own Experience, I can tell,
They who love truly cannot argue well.
Go Faithless man!

Leave me alone to mourn my misery:
I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die.

[Leans her head on his Arm.]

Abdelmelech weeping.

What Man but I so long unmov'd could hear
Such tender passion, and refuse a Tear!
But do not talk of dying any more,
Unless you mean that I should die before.

Lynd. I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late:
I die to see you still thus obstinate.

But yet, in death, my truth of Love to show,
Lead me; if I have strength enough, I'll go.

Abdel. By Heav'n you shall not go: I will not be
Overcome in Love or Generosity.

All I desire to end th' unlucky strife,
Is but a vow that you will be my Wife.

Lynd. To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard;
It shows my Love you as no tie regard.
Name any thing, but that, and I'll agree.

Abdel. Swear then, you never will my Rival's be.

Lynd. Nay, prithee, this is harder than before;
Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.

Abdel. Now I too late perceive I am undone:
Living and seeing, to my death I run.

I know you false; yet in your Snares I fall;
You grant me nothing; and I grant you all.

Lynd. I would grant all; but I must curb my will,
Because I love to keep you jealous still.
In your suspicion I your Passion find:
But I will take a time to cure your mind.

Halyma. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!

Lynd. Haste quickly hence; least he should find you here.

Abdel. How much more wretched than I came, I go:
I more my weakness, and your Falshood know,
And now must leave you with my greatest Foe!

[Exit Abdelmelech.]

Lynd. Go; how I love thee Heav'n can only tell.

And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well.

Yet, whatsoever Charms a Crown can bring,

A Subject's greater than a little King.

I will attend till time this Throne secure;
 And, when I climb, my footing shall be sure.
 Musick! and I, believe address to me.

S O N G.

WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
 My Phillis is still in my mind:
 When angry I mean not to Phillis to go,
 My Feet of themselves the way find:
 Unknown to my self I am just at her door,
 And when I would rail I can bring out no more,
 Than Phillis too fair and unkind!

When Phillis I see, my heart bounds in my breast,
 And the Love I would stifle is shown:
 But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest
 When from my Eyes Phillis is gone:
 Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad mind,
 But, alas, when I wake and no Phillis I find,
 How I sigh to my self all alone!

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his Treasure in vain:
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phillis again:
 Let Phillis be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
 And she too well knows her own power:
 She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour:
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love Phillis both False and Unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

Abdalla enters with guards.

Abdal. Now, Madam, at your Feet a King you see:
Or, rather, if you please, a Scepter'd Slave;
'Tis just you should possess the pow'r you gave.
Had Love not made me yours, I yet had bin
But the first Subject to *Boabdolan*.
Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your due:
And had forgot my title, but for you.

Lynd. Heav'n to your merits will, I hope, be kind;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its mind.
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your head;
But does not fix it till your Brother's dead.

Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my pow'r.
And that my Forces go to take this hour.

Lynd. When, with its Keys, your Brother's Head you bring
I shall believe you are indeed a King,

Abdal. But, since th' events of all things doubtful are,
And, of Events, most doubtful those of War,
I beg to know before, if fortune frown,
Must I then lose your Favour with my Crown?

Lynd. You'll soon return a Conquerour again,
And therefore, Sir, your question is in vain.

Abdal. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more assure it by your Love.
That grant will make my arms invincible.

Lynd. My pray'rs and wishes your success foretell.
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory.

Abdal. But if I lose it, must I lose you too?

Lynd. You are too curious if you more would know.
I know not what my future thoughts, will be:
Poor Women's thoughts are all *Extempore*.
Wife men, indeed,

Beforehand a long chain of thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our present use.

Abdal. Those thoughts you will not know, too well declare
You mean to wait the final doom of War.

Lynd. I find you come to quarrel with me now:
Would you know more of me than than I allow?
Whence are you grown that Great Divinity
That with such ease into my thoughts can pry?
Indulgence does not with some tempers sute;
I see I must become more absolute.

Abdal. I must submit;
On what hard terms so e'er my peace be bought.

Lynd. Submit! you speak as you were not in fault?

'Tis evident the injury is mine;
For why should you my secret thoughts divine?

Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by Reasons Laws?

Lynd. Then you would have your Reason judge my cause?
Either confess your fault or hold your tongue;
For I am sure I'm never in the wrong.

Abdal. Then I acknowledge it.

Lynd. ———— Then I forgive.

Abdal. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!
Who, like the vanquish'd, must their right release:
And with the loss of reason, buy their peace. [*Aside.*
Madam, to show that you my power command,
I put my life and safety in your hand:
Dispose of the *Alhajzyn* as you please:
To your fair hands I here resign the Keys.

Lynd. I take your gift because your Love it shows;
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcade* choose.

Abdal. *Selin*, from her alone your Orders take:
This one request, yet, madam, let me make,
That, from those turrets, you th' assault will see:
And Crown, once more, my Arms with Victory.

[*Selin* remains with *Gazul* and *Reduan* his Servants.

Selin. *Gazul*, go tell my daughter that I wait:
You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his fate. [*Exeunt Gazul and Reduan.*
Ere of my charge I will possession take,
A Bloody Sacrifice I mean to make:
The Manes of my Son shall smile this day,
While I in blood my vows of vengeance pay.

Enter, at one door Benzayda with Gazul,
at the other Ozmyr bound with Raduan.

Selin. I sent *Benzayda*, to glad your eyes:
These rights we owe your Brothers obsequies.

[*To Gazul and Reduan.*
You two the curst *Abencerrago* bind,
You need no more t' instruct you in my mind.

[*They bind him to one corner of the Stage.*

Benz. In what sad Object am I call'd to share,
Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?

Selin. 'Tis what your dying Brother did bequeath,
A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.

Benz. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright:
I want the heart to see the dismal sight.

Selin. You are my principal invited guest:
Whose eyes I would not only feed but feast:

You

You are to smile at his last groaning breath,
And laugh to see his eye-balls rowl in death:
To judge the lingring Souls convulsive strife;
When thick short breath, catches at parting life!

Benz. And of what Marble do you think me made?

Selin. What can you be of just revenge afraid?

Benz. He kill'd my Brother in his own defence,
Pity his youth, and spare his insolence.

Selin. Art thou so soon, to pardon murder, wo ?
Can he be innocent who kill'd my Son?

Abenamar shall mourn as well as I;

His *Ozmyn* for my *Tarifa* shall die;

But, since thou plead'st so boldly; I will see

That Justice thou woud'st hinder, done by thee:

[*Gives her his Sword.*]

Here, take the Sword; and do a Sisters part;
Pierce his, fond Girl, or I will pierce thy heart.

Ozmyn. To his commands I joyn my own request,
All wounds from you are welcome to my breast:

Think only when your hand this act has done,

It has but finish'd what your eyes begun.

I thought, with silence to have scorn'd my doom;

But now your noble pity has o'ercome:

Which I acknowledge with my latest breath;

The first whoe'er began a love indeath.

Benzayda to Selin.

Alas, what aid can my weak hand afford;

You see I tremble when I touch a Sword?

The brightness dazles me; and turns my sight:

Ozmyn. I'll guide the hand which must my death convey

My leaping heart shall meet it half the way.

Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim less right.

Selin to Benzayda.

Wast not the precious time in idle breath.

Benz. Let me resign this instrument of death.

[*Giving the Sword to her Father
and then pulling it back.*]

Ah no: I was too hasty to resign;

'Tis in your hand more mortal than in mine. [To them Hamet.]

Ham. The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back;

And now preparing for a new attack.

To favour which, he wills, that, instantly,

You reinforce him with a new supply.

Selin to Benzayda.

Think not, although my duty calls me hence.

That with the breach of yours I will dispence:

Ere

Ere my return, see my commands you do;
 Let me find Ozmyn dead; and kill'd by you.
 Gazul and Reduan attend her still;
 And if she dares to fail, perform my will.

[*Exeunt Selin and Hamet.*]

Benzayda, *looks longuishing on him with her Sword down.*

Gazul and Reduan, *standing with drawn Swords by her.*

Ozmyn. Defer not, fair Benzayda, my death;

Looking on you ———

I should but live to sigh away my breath;

My eyes have done the work they had to do;

I take your Image with me, which they drew;

And when they close, I shall die full of you.

Benz. When Parents their Commands unjustly lay,

Children are priviledg'd to disobey.

Yet from that breach of duty I am clear;

Since I submit the penalty to bear.

To die or kill you is th' Alternative;

Rather than take your life, I will not live.

Ozmyn. This shows th' excess of generosity;

But, Madam, you have no pretence to die.

I should defame the *Abencerages Race*

To let a Lady suffer in my place.

But neither could that life you would bestow

Save mine: nor do you so much pity owe

To me a Stranger, and your houses foe.

Benz. From whence-foe'er their hate your Houses drew,

I blush to tell you, I have none for you.

'Tis a Confession which I should not make,

Had I more time to give or you to take.

But, since death's near, and runs with so much force,

We must meet first and intercept his course.

Ozmyn. Oh, how unkind a comfort do you give!

Now, I fear death again, and wish to live.

Life were worth taking could I have it now,

But 'tis more good than Heav'n can e'er allow

To one man's portion, to have life and you.

Benz. Sure, at our Births,

Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;

Or we were wounded by a mourning Love! *[Shouts within.*

Redu. The noise returns, and doubles from behind;

It seems as if two adverse armies join'd:

Time presses us.

Gaz. ——— ——— If longer you delay

We must, though loath, your Father's Will obey.

Ozm. Haste, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands :
And rescue me from their ignoble Hands.

Let me kiss yours, when you my wound begin ;
Then, easie Death will slide with pleasure in.

Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, some short time allow,

[*To Gaz. and Red.*

My Father has repented him ere now ;
Or will repent him when he finds me dead :
My clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn's* Thread.

Redu. 'Tis fatal to refuse her, or obey ;
But where is our excuse ? what can we say ?

Benz. Say ; any thing—
Say, that to kill the Guiltless you were loath.
Or, if you did, say, I would kill you both.

Gaz. To disobey our Orders is to die :
I'll do't, who dare oppose it ?

Redu. ————— That dare I.

[*Reduan stands before Ozmyn, and fights with Gazul.*

[*Benzayda unbinds Ozmyn, and gives him her Sword.*

Benz. Stay not to see the issue of the Fight ; [Red. kills Gaz.
But haste to save your self by speedy flight.

[*Ozmyn kneeling to kiss her hand.*

Did all Mankind against my Life conspire,
Without this Blessing I would not retire.

But, Madam, can I go and leave you here ?
Your Father's anger now for you I fear :

Consider you have done too much to stay.

Benz. Think not of me, but fly your self away.

Redu. Haste quickly hence ; the Enemies are nigh :

From every part I see our Soldiers fly ;

The Foes not only our Assaults beat,

But fiercely sally out on their Retreat ;

And, like a Sea broke loose, come on amain.

*To them Abenamar ; and a party with their Swords drawn,
driving in some of the Enemies.*

Aben. Traytors, you hope to save your selves in vain,
Your forfeit Lives shall for your Treason pay.
And *Ozmyn's* Blood shall be reveng'd this day.

Ozmyn, kneeling to his Father.

Ozmyn. No Sir, your *Ozmyn* lives, and lives to own
A Father's piety to free his Son.

[*Abenamar embracing him.*

Aben. My *Ozmyn* ! O thou blessing of my Age !

And art thou safe from their deluded rage !

Whom must I praise for thy Deliverance,

Was it thy Valour or the work of Chance ?

Ozmyn. Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me ;
 But 'twas a noble Pity set me free.
 My Liberty and Life,
 And what your Happiness you're pleas'd to call,
 We to this charming Beauty owe it all ; [Abenam. to her.
 Instruct me, visible Divinity,
 Instruct me by what Name to worship thee.
 For to thy Virtue I would Altars raise :
 Since thou art much above all humane praise.
 But see——

Enter Almanzor, his Sword bloody, leading in Almahide,
attended by Esperanza.

My other blessing, *Almahide* is here :
 I'll to the King, and tell him she is near :
 You *Ozmyn*, on your fair deliverer wait :
 And with your private Joys the publick Celebrate. [Exeunt.

Almanzor, Almahide, Esperanza.

Almanz. The work is done ; now, Madam, you are free :
 At least if I can give you Liberty.
 But you have Chains which you your self have chose ;
 And, O, that I could free you too from those.
 But, you are free from force, and have full pow'r
 To go, and kill my hopes and me, this hour.
 I see, then, you will go ; but yet my toyl
 May be rewarded with a looking while.

Almah. *Almanzor* can from every Subject raise
 New matter for our Wonder and his Praise :
 You bound and freed me, but the difference is,
 That shew'd your Valour ; but your Virtue this.

Almanz. Madam, you praise a Fun'ral Victory ;
 At whose sad pomp the Conqueror must die.

Almah. Conquest attends *Almanzor* every where,
 I am too small a Foe for him to fear :
 But Heroes still must be oppos'd by some,
 Or they would want occasion to o'ercome.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare praises live :
 Those who abound in praises seldom give.

Almah. While I to all the World your worth make known,
 May Heav'n reward the pity you have shown.

Almanz. My love is languishing and starv'd to death,
 And would you give me charity, in breath ?
 Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor :
 They send to Heaven's but drive us from their door :

Almah.

Almah. Cease ; cease a Sute
 So vain to you and troublesome to me,
 If you will have me think that I am free.
 If I am yet a Slave my bonds I'll bear,
 But what I cannot grant, I will not hear.

Almanz. You wonnot hear ! you must both hear and grant ;
 For, Madam, there's an impudence in want.

Almah. Your way is somewhat strange to ask Relief ;
 You ask with threatning, like a begging Thief.
 Once more *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free ?

Almanz. Madam, you are from all the World—but me.
 But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize
 He took from Friends, sees the rich Merchandize,
 And after he has freed it, justly buys ;
 So when I have restor'd your Liberty,——
 But then, alas, I am too poor to buy !

Almah. Nay, now you use me just as Pyrats do :
 You free me ; but expect a Ransom too.

Almanz. You've all the freedom that a Prince can have :
 But Greatness cannot be without a Slave.
 A Monarch never can in private move ;
 But still is haunted with officious Love.
 So small an inconvenience you may bear,
 'Tis all the Fine Fate sets upon the Fair.

Almah. Yet Princes may retire when e'r they please ;
 And breath free Air from out their Palaces :
 They go sometimes unknown to shun their State ;
 And then, 'tis manners not to know or wait.

Almanz. If not a Subject then a Ghost I'll be ;
 And from a Ghost, you know, no place is free.
 Asleep, awake, I'll haunt you every where ;
 From my white shrowd, groan Love into your Ear :
 When in your Lovers Arms you sleep at Night,
 I'll glide in cold betwixt, and seize my Right.
 And is't not better in your Nuptial Bed,
 To have a living Lover than a dead ?

Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
 As if what I could grant you I refus'd.
 My Father's choice I never will dispute ;
 And he has chosen e'r you mov'd your Sute.
 You know my Case, if equal you can be,
 Plead for your self, and answer it for me.

Almanz. Then, Madam, in that hope you bid me live :
 I ask no more than you may justly give :
 But, in strict Justice, there may favour be ;
 And may I hope that you have that for me ?

Almah. Why do you thus my secret thoughts pursue,
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
Your knowledge but new troubles does prepare,
Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes are,
To say I could with more content be yours,
Tempt you to hope; but not that hope assures.
For since the King has right,
And favour'd by my Father in his Sute,
It is a blossom which can bear no Fruit;
Yet if you dare attempt so hard a task,
May you succeed; you have my leave to ask.

Almanz. I can with courage now my hopes pursue,
Since I no longer have to combat you.
That did the greatest difficulty bring:
The rest are small, a Father, and a King!

Almah. Great Souls discern not when the leap's too wide,
Because they only view the farther side.
Whatever you desire you think is near;
But, with more reason, the event I fear.

Almanz. No; there is a necessity in Fate,
Why still the brave bold man is Fortunate:
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm, and right.
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes men look aside, and then their footing miss.

Almah. I do your merit all the right I can;
Admiring Virtue in a private man,
I only wish the King may grateful be,
And that my Father with my Eyes may see.
Might I not make it as my last request
(Since humble carriage suites a Suppliant best)
That you would somewhat of your fierceness hide:
That inborn fire; I do not call it pride.

Almanz. Born, as I am still to command, not sue,
Yet you shall see that I can beg for you.
And if your Father will require a Crown,
Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I please, a private man;
I have that Soul which Empires first began:
From the dull crowd which every King does lead,
I will pick out whom I will choose to head:
The best and bravest Souls I can select,
And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect. [Exit.

ACT V.

Abdalla alone, under the Walls of the Albazyn.

Abd. **W**Hile she is mine, I have not yet lost all:

But, in her Arms shall have a gentle fall:

Blest in my Love, although in War o'come,

I fly, like *Anthony* from *Adium*,

To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.

You of the Watch: you of the Watch: appear.

Soldier above.

Who calls below? What's your demand?

Abd. ————— 'Tis I:

Open the Gate with speed; the Foe is nigh.

Sold. What Orders for admittance do you bring?

Abd. Slave, my own Orders; look and know the King.

Sold. I know you, but my charge is so severe

That none, without exception, enter here.

Abd. Traytor, and Rebel, thou shalt shortly see

Thy Orders are not to extend to me.

Lyndaraxa above.

What sawcy Slave so rudely does exclaim,

And brands my Subject with a Rebels Name?

Abd. Dear *Lyndaraxa*, haste; the Foes pursue.

Lynd. My Lord the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you?

I scarcely can believe the words I hear:

Could you so courly treat my Officer?

Abd. He forc'd me, but the danger nearer draws,

When I am enter'd you shall know the cause.

Lynd. Enter'd! Why have you any business here?

Abd. I am pursu'd, the Enemy is near.

Lynd. Are you pursu'd, and do you thus delay

To save your self? make haste, my Lord, away.

Abd. Give me not cause to think you mock my grief:

What place have I, but this, for my relief?

Lynd. This favour does your Handmaid much oblige.

But we are not provided for a Siege.

My Subjects few; and their Provision thin;

The Foe is strong without, we weak within.

This to my noble Lord may seem unkind,

But he will weigh it in his Princely mind:

And

And pardon her, who does assurance want
So much, she blushes when she cannot grant.

Abdal. Yes, you may blush; and you have cause to weep,
Is this the faith you promis'd me to keep?

Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring

No succour, give your succour to a King.

Lynd. A King is he whom nothing can withstand;

Who Men and Money can with ease command.

A King is he whom Fortune still does bless

He is a King who does a Crown possess.

If you would have me think that you are he,

Produce to view your marks of Sovereignty.

But, if your self alone for proof you bring,

You're but a single person, not a King.

Abdal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this Rebel?

I say no more; but I have lov'd too well.

Lynd. Who but your self did that Rebellion move?

Did I e'r promise to receive your Love?

Is it my fault you are not fortunate?

I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.

Abdal. Who follow Fortune still are in the right.

But let me be protected here this Night.

Lynd. The place to morrow will be circled round;

And then no way will for your flight be found.

Abdal. I hear my Enemies just coming on;

Protect me but one hour, till they are gone.

Lynd. They'll know you have been here; it cannot be,

That very hour you stay will ruine me.

For if the Foe behold our Enterview,

I shall be thought a Rebel too like you.

Haste hence; and that your flight may prosperous prove,

I'll recommend you to the Powers above.

Abdal. She's gone; Ah faithless and ingrateful Maid!

I fear some tread; and fear I am betray'd.

I'll to the Spanish King; and try if he

To count'nance his own right, will succour me:

There is more faith in Christian Dogs, than thee.

Ozymyn, Benzayda, Abenamar.

Benz. I wish

(To merit all these thanks) I could have said,

My pity only did his Virtue aid:

'Twas pity, but 'twas of a Love-sick Maid.

His manly suffering my esteem did move;

That bred Compassion, and Compassion love.

Ozymyn. O blessing, sold me at too cheap a rate!

My danger was the benefit of fate.

[To his Father.

But

But that you may my fair deliverer know,
 She was not only born our House's foe,
 But to my death by pow'rful reasons led,
 At least, in justice, she might wish me dead.

Aben. But why thus long do you her Name conceal?

Ozmyn. To gain belief for what I now reveal:
 Ev'n thus prepar'd, you scarce can think it true
 The Saver of my life, from *Selin* drew
 Her birth; and was his Sister whom I slew.

Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, must not be:
 Upon my blessing, say not it was she.
 The Daughter of the only man I hate
 Two Contradictions twisted in a fate!

Ozmyn. The mutual hate which you and *Selin* bore;
 Does but exalt her generous pity more.
 Could she a Brothers death forgive to me,
 And cannot you forget her family?
 Can you so ill requite the life I owe
 To reckon her, who gave it, still your foe?
 It lends too great a lustre to her line,
 To let her Virtue ours so much out-shine.

Aben. Thou gavest her line th' advantage which they have,
 By meanly taking of the life they gave.
 Grant that it did in her a pity show,
 But would my Son be pity'd by a Foe?
 She has the glory of thy act defac'd:
 Thou kill'st her Brother; but she triumphs last:
 Poorly for us our Enmity would cease;
 When we are beaten we receive a peace.

Benz. If that be all in which you disagree,
 I must confess 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me.
 Had I beheld him basely beg his life,
 I should not now submit to be his Wife.
 But when I saw his courage death controul,
 I paid a secret homage to his Soul;
 And thought my cruel Father much to blame;
 Since *Ozmyn's* Virtue his revenge did shame.

Aben. What constancy can'st thou e'er hope to find,
 In that unstable, and soon conquer'd mind?
 What piety can'st thou expect from her,
 Who could forgive a Brothers Murderer?
 Or, what obedience hop'st thou to be pay'd,
 From one who first her Father disobey'd?

Ozmyn. Nature that bids us Parents to obey,
 Bids Parents their Commands by Reason weigh.

And you her vertue by your praise did own,
Before you knew by whom the art was done.

Aben. Your reasons speak too much of insolence,
Her birth's a crime past pardon or defence.
Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
Neither will I by *Selin's* Daughter be.
Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my Son:
This is my will; and this I will have done. [Exit *Abenamar*.

Ozmyr. It is a murd'ring will!
That whirls along with an impetuous sway;
And like Chain-shot, sweeps all things in its way.
He does my honour want of duty call;
To that, and love, he has no right at all.

Benz. No, *Ozmyr*, no, it is much less ill
To leave me, than dispute a Father's will:
If I had any title to your love,
Your Father's greater right does mine remove:
Your vows and faith I give you back again;
Since neither can be kept without a sin.

Ozmyr. Nothing but death my vows can give me back:
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.

Benz. Nay, think not, though I could your vows resign,
My love or virtue could dispense with mine.
I would extinguish your unlucky fire, yet I will not bid it burn;
To make you happy in some new desire:
I can preserve enough for me and you:
And love, and be unfortunate for two.

Ozmyr. In all that's good and great,
You vanquish me so fast, that in the end
I shall have nothing left me to defend.
From every Post you force me to remove;
But let me keep my last retrenchment, Love.

Benz. Love then, my *Ozmyr*; I will be content [Giving her hand.
To make you wretched by your own consent:
Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my sake;
And all the burden of my sorrows take.
For, as for me, in whate'er estate,
While I have you, I must be fortunate.

Ozmyr. Thus then, secur'd of what we hold most dear,
(Earth others love,) we'll go—I know not where.
For where, alas, should we our flight begin?
The Foe's without; our Parents are within.

Benz. I'll fly to you; and you shall fly to me:
Our flight but to each others Arms shall be.

To providence and chance permit the rest;
Let us but Love enough and we are blest.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech. Guard,
Zulema and Hamet Prisoners.

Abdel. They're *Lyndaraca's* Brothers; for her sake
Their lives and pardon my request I make.

Boab. Then Zulema and Hamet live, but know
Your lives to *Abdelmelech's* fate you owe.

Zul. The grace receiv'd so much my Hope exceeds
That words come weak and short to answer deeds.
You've made a venture, Sir, and time must show
If this great mercy you did well bestow.

Boab. You, *Abdelmelech* hast before 'tis night I
And close pursue my Brother in his flight.

[Exeunt Abdelmelech,
Zulema, Hamet.]

Enter Almanzor, Almahide, and Esperanza.

But see with *Almahide*

The brave *Almanzor* comes whose conqu'ring Sword
The Crown it once took from me has restor'd.
How can I recompence so great desert!

Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in every part
My promise made; your foes are fled or slain;
Without a Rival, absolute you reign.
Yet, though in Justice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me:

I beg to go

Where my own Courage and your fortune calls,
To chase these misbelievers from our Walls.
I cannot breath within this narrow space;
My heart's too big; and swells beyond the place.

Boab. You can perform, brave Warriour, what you please,
Fate listens to your voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the Spanish pow'rs;
Already we are free and Conquerors.

Almanz. Accept, great King, to morrow from my hand,
The Captive head of Conquer'd *Ferdinand*.
You shall not only what you lost regain,
But, o'er the *Biscayn* Mountains to the Mayn,
Extend your sway, where never Moor did reign.

Aben. What in another Vanity would seem,
Appears but noble confidence in him.
No haughty boasting; but a Manly pride:
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:
He moves excentrique, like a wandring star;
Whose motion's just; though 'tis not regular.

Boab. It is for you, brave Man, and only you
Greatly to speak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your benefits too far extend,
I must be left ungrateful in the end:

Yet somewhat I would pay
Before my debts above all reck'ning grow;
To keep me from the shame of what I owe.
But you——

Are conscious to your self of such desert,
That of your gift I fear to offer part.

Almanz. When I shall have declar'd my high request,
So much presumption there will be confest,
That you will find your gifts I do not shun;
But rather much o'er-rate the service done.

Boab. Give wing to your desires, and let 'em fly
Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So blefs me *Alba* both in Peace and War,
As I accord what e'er your wishes are.

[*Almanz. putting one knee to the ground.*
Embolden'd by the promise of a Prince
Ask this Lady now with confidence.

Boab. You ask the only thing I cannot grant:

[*The King and Abenamar
look amazedly on each other.*

But, as a Stranger, you are ignorant
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know;
She is my mistress:

Aben ———— And my daughter too.

Almanz. Believe, old man, that I her Father knew:
What else should make, *Almanzor* kneel to you?
Nor doubt, Sir, but you right to her was known:
For had you had no claim but love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.

Almahide softly to him.

Almanzor, you forget my last request:
Your words have too much haughtiness exprest:
Is this the humble way you were to move?

Almanzor to her.

I was too far transported by my Love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to sue
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.
Sir, at your feet, I make it my request——

[*To the King.*

First line kneeling: Second rising: and boldly.

Though, without boasting, I deserve her best;
For you, her Love with gaudy titles fought,
But I her heart with blood and dangers bought.

Boab.

Boab. The blood which you have shed in her defence
Shall have in time a fitting recompence:

Or, if you think your services delay'd,
Name but your price, and you shall soon be pay'd.

Almanz. My price! why, King, you do not think you deal
With one who sets his services to sale?
Reserve your gifts for those who gifts regard;
And know I think my self above reward.

Boab. Then sure you are some Godhead; and our care
Must be to come with incense, and with Pray'r.

Almanz. As little as you think your self oblig'd,
You would be glad to do't, when next besieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there should be nothing due;
For what I did was for my self not you.

Boab. You, with contempt on meaner gifts look down;
And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my Crown.
That Crown restor'd, deserves no recompence,
Since thou would rob the fairest Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth ungrateful me to call;
What e'er I ow'd you, this has cancel'd all.

Almanz. I'll call the thankless, King; and perjur'd both:
Thou swor'st by *Alba*; and hast broke thy oath.
But thou do'st well: thou tak'st the cheapest way;
Not to own services thou can'st not pay.

Boab. My patience more than pays thy service past;
But now this insolence shall be thy last.
Hence from my sight, and take it as a grace
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the place.

Almanz. Where e'er I go there can no exile be;
But from *Almanzor's* sight I banish thee:
I will not now, if thou would'st beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here: but know
We leave thy City empty when we go. [*Takes Almahide's hand.*

Boabdel. Fall on; take; kill the Traytour.

*The Guards fall on him; he makes at the King
through the mid'st of them; and falls upon him:
they disarm him; and rescue the King.*

Almanz. ————— Base, and poor,
Blush that thou art *Almanzor's* Conquerour.

[*Almahide wrings her hands: then
turns and veils her face.*

Farewel my *Almahide*!

Life of it self will go, now thou art gone,
Like flies in Winter when they lose the Sun.

[*Abenamar whispers the King
alittle; then speaks aloud.*

Aben.

Aben. Revenge, and taken so secure away.
Are blessings which Heav'n sends not every day.

Boab. I will at leisure now revenge my wrong ;
And, Traytor, thou shalt feel my vengeance long :
Thou shalt not die just at thy own desire,
But see my Nuptials, and with rage expire.

Almanz. Thou darst not marry her while I'm in sight ;
With a bent brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright,
And in that Scene
Which all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thought of me shall make thee impotent.

[He is led off by Guards.]

Boabdel. to Almahide.

As some fair Tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up; and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind sing round its head;
So, shrowded up your beauty disappears ;
Unveil my Love ; and lay aside your fears :
The storm that caus'd your fright, is past and done.

[Almahide unveiling and looking round for Almanzor.]

So flower's peep out too soon, and miss the Sun.

[Turning from him.]

Boab. What mystery in this strange behaviour lies ?

Almah. Let me for ever hide these guilty eyes
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his tomb ;
Or, let 'em blaze to show me there a Room.

Boab. Heav'n lent their lustre for a Nobler end :
A thousand Torches must their light attend
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown.
Why does my fairest *Almahida* frown ?
Am I less pleasing than I was before,
Or is the insolent *Almanzor*, more ?

Almah. I justly own that I some pity have,
Not for the insolent, but for the brave.

Aben. Though to your King your duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for more respect.
And, if a Parents charge your mind can move,
Receive the blessing of a Monarch's love.

Almah. Did he my freedom to his life prefer,
And shall I wed *Almanzor's* murderer ?
No, Sir ; I cannot to your will submit :
Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.

Aben. You must be driv'n where you refuse to go :
And taught, by force, your happiness to know.

Almahide

Almahide *smiling scornfully.*

To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;
And, when you would, impossible to do:
If force could bend me; you might think with shame,
That I debase the blood from whence I came.
My Soul is soft; which you may gently lay
In your loose palm; but when tis prest to stay,
Like water it deludes your grasp, and slips away.

Boab. I find I must revoke what I decreed;
Almanzor's Death my Nuptials must precede.
Love is a Magick which the Lover tyes;
But charms still end, when the Magician dies.
Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead;
And to convince my eyes, bring back his head.

[To his Guards:]

Almah. Go on; I wish no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* Love.
We will in death, at least, united be;
I'll shew you I can die as well as he.

Boab. What should I do! when equally I dread
Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead! —
Yet, by your promise you are mine alone.

Almah. How dare you claim my faith, and break your own?

Aben. This for your virtue is a weak defence:
No second vows can with your first dispense.
Yet, since the King did to *Almanzor* swear,
And in his death ingrateful may appear,
He ought, in justice, first to spare his life,
And then to claim your promise, as his wife.

Almah. What e'er my secret inclinations be,
To this, since Honour ties me, I agree:
Yet I declare, and to the World will own,
That, far from seeking, I would shun the Throne;
And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble life;
There is a private greatness in his wife.

Boab. That little love I have, I hardly buy;
You give my Rival all, while you deny.
Yet, *Almahide*, to let you see your pow'r,
Your lov'd *Almanzor* shall be free this hour.
You are obey'd but 'tis so great a grace,
That I cou'd wish me in my Rival's place.

[Exit K. and Aben.]

Almah. How blest was I before this fatal day!
When all I knew of Love, was to obey!
'Twas life becalm'd; without a gentle breath;
Though not so cold, yet motionless as Death.
A heavy quiet state: but love all strife,
All rapid is the Hurrican of Life.

Had!

Had love not shown me I had never seen
 An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*.
 I had not, aiming higher, lost my rest ;
 But with a Vulgar good been dully blest :
 But, in *Almanzor*, having seen what's rare,
 Now I have learnt too sharply to compare,
 And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in disgrace,
 Just know the value e'er I lost the place.

To her Almanzor bound and guarded.

Almanz. I see the end for which I'm hither sent, [*Looking down.*
 To double, by your sight, my punishment.
 There is a shame in bonds I cannot bear ;
 Far more than death to meet your Eyes I fear.

Almahide unbinding him.

That shame of long continuance shall not be :
 The King, at my intreaty, sets you free.

Almanz. The King! my wonder's greater than before :
 How did he dare my freedom to restore?

He like some Captive Lyon uses me ;
 He runs away before he sets me free :
 And takes a sanctuary in his Court :

I'll rather lose my Life than thank him for't.

Almah. If any Subject for your thanks there be,
 The King expects 'em not ; you owe 'em me.
 Our freedoms through each others hands have past ;
 You give me my revenge in winning last.

Almanz. Then Fate commodiously for me has done ;
 To lose mine there where I would have it won.

Almah. *Almanzor*, you too soon will understand
 That what I win is on another's hand.

The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)
 Gave to my Pray'rs both his revenge and hate :
 But at no other price would rate your life
 Than my consent and oath to be his Wife.

Almanz. Would you to save my life, my love betray?
 Here ; take me ; bind me ; carry me away ;
 Kill me : I'll kill you if you disobey.

[*To the Guards.*]

Almah. That absolute command your love does give
 I take ; and charge you by that pow'r, to live.

Almanz. When death, the last of comforts you refuse,
 Your pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd, you use,
 You force me in my being to remain,
 To make me last, and keep me fresh for pain.
 When all my joys are gone
 What cause can I, for living longer, give,
 But a dull lazy habitude to live ?

Almah.

Almab. Rash men, like you, and impotent of will,
Give chance no time to turn; but urge her still,
She would repent; you push the quarrel on,
And once, because she went, she must be gone.

Almanz. She shall not turn; what is it she can do
To recompence me for the loss of you!

Almab. Heav'n will reward your worth some better way.
At least, for me, you have but lost one day.
Nor is't a real loss which you deplore;
You sought a heart that was engag'd before.
'Twas a Swift love which took you in his way;
Flew only throw your heart, but made no stay.
'Twas but a Dream; where truth had not a place:
A scene of fancy, mov'd so swift a pace
And shifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the short vexations Vision pass.

Almanz. My joys indeed are dreams; but not my pain:
'Twas a swift ruin; but the marks remain.
When some fierce fire lays goodly building wast,
Would you conclude
There had been none, because the burning's past?

Almab. It was your fault that fire seiz'd all your breast,
You should have blown up some to save the rest,
But tis, at worst, but so consum'd by Fire.
As Cities are, that by their fall rise highr.
Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;
You'll find the fire has but enlarg'd your space.

Almanz. Love has undone me, I am grown so poor
I sadly view the ground I had before:
But want a stock; and ne'r can build it more.

Almab. Then say what charity I can allow;
I would contribute; if I knew but how.
Take friendship: or if that too small appear,
Take love which Sisters may to Brothers bear.

Almanz. A Sisters love; that is so pall'd a thing:
What pleasure can it to a Lover bring?
'Tis like thin food to men in fevers spent;
Just keeps alive; but gives no nourishment.
What hopes, what fears, what transports can it move?
'Tis but the Ghost of a departed Love.

Almab. You like some greedy Cormorant, devour
All my whole life can give you, in an hour.
What more I can do for you, is to die,
And that must follow, if you this deny.
Since I gave up my Love that you might live,
You, in refusing life, my sentence give.

Almanz. Far from my breast be such an impious thought:
Your death would lose the quiet mine had sought:
I'll live for you, in spite of misery:
But you shall grant that I had rather die,
I'll be so wretched; fill'd with such despair,
That you shall see, to live, was more to dare.

Almah. Adieu, then, O my Souls far better part,
Your Image sticks so close
That the blood follows from my rending heart.
A last farewell!

For since a last must come, the rest are vain!
Like gasps in death, which but prolong our pain.
But, since the King is now a part of me:
Cease from henceforth to be his Enemy.

Go now, for pity go, or if you stay
I fear I shall have something still to say.
Thus—I for ever shut you from my sight.

Almanz. Like one thrust out in a cold Winters night,
Yet shivering, underneath your gate I stay;
One look—I cannot go before 'tis day—

[*She beckens him to be gone.*
Not one—Farewel: whate'er my sufferings be
Within; I'll speak farewell, as loud as she:
I will not be out-done in Constancy.

[*She turns her back.*
Then like a dying Conquerour I go;
At least I have look't last upon my foe.
I go—but if too heavily I move,
I walk encumber'd with a weight of Love.
Fain I would leave the thought of you behind
But still, the more I cast you from my mind,
You dash, like water, back, when thrown against the wind.

[*Exit.*
[*As he goes off the King meets him with Abenamar,*
they stare at each other without saluting.

Boab. With him go all my fears: a guard there wait;
And see him safe without the City Gate.

[*To whom Abdelmelech.*
Now *Abdelmelech*, is my Brother dead?
Abdel. Th'Usurper to the Christian Camp is fled;
Whom as *Granada's* lawful King they own;
And vow, by force, to Seat him in the Throne.
Mean time the Rebels in the *Albaycin* rest;
Which is, in *Lyndaraxa's* name, possess.

Boab. Haste; and reduce it instantly by force:
Abdel. First give me leave to prove a milder course.

She will, perhaps, on summons yield the place.

Boab. We cannot, to your sute, refuse her grace.

[One enters hastily and whispers Abenamar.

Aben. How fortune persecutes this hoary head!

My *Ormyn* is with *Selin's* daughter fled.

But he's no more my Son——

My hate shall like a *Zegry* him pursue ;

Till I take back what blood from me he drew.

Boab. Let War and vengeance be to morrow's care :

But let us to the Temple now repair.

A Thousand Torches make the Mosque more bright :

This must be mine and *Almahida's* night.

Hence ye importunate affairs of State ;

You should not Tyrannize on Love, but wait.

Had life no love, none would for business live ;

Yet still from love the largest part we give :

And must be forc'd, in Empires weary toil,

To live long wretched, to be pleas'd a while.

[Exeunt.

K

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Succes, which can no more than beauty last,
Makes our sad Poet mourn your favours past :

For, since without desert he got a name,

He fears to lose it now with greater shame.

Fame, like a little Mistress of the Town,

Is gain'd with ease ; but then she's lost as soon.

For, as those taudry Misses, soon or late

Filt such as keep 'em at the biggest rate,

(And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,

Gets what is bid in the loose body'd gown ;)

So, Fame is false to all that keep her long ;

And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.

Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first :

But elder wits are, like old Lovers, curst ;

Who, when the vigor of their youth is spent,

Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.

This, some years hence, our Poets case may prove ;

But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.

When forty comes, if ere he live to see

That wretched, fumbling age of Poetry ;

T'will be high time to bid his Muse adieu :

Well he may please himself, but never you.

Till then he'll do as well as he began ;

And hepos you will not find him less a man.

Think him not duller for this year's delay ;

He was prepar'd, the Women were away ;

And Men, without their parts, can hardly play.

If they, through sickness, seldom did appear,

Pity the virgins of each Theatre ;

For, at both Houses, 'twas a sickly year !

And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,

In one such sickness, nine whole Months are lost.

Their stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ :

Long waiting both disables love and wit.

They thought they gave him leisure to do well :

But when they forc'd him to attend, he fell !

Yet though he much has fail'd, he begs to day

You will excuse his unperforming Play :

Weakness sometimes great passion does express ;

He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less.

Almanzor and Almabide :

O R,

The Conquest
O F
GRANADA.

The Second Part.

As it is Acted at the
T H E A T R E R O Y A L.

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN* Servant
to His MAJESTY.

Stimulos dedit amula virtus.

Lucan.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* ; and Sold by *R. Bentley*,
J. Tonson, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*. 1695.



PROLOGUE

To the Second Part of the Conquest of GRANADA.

They who write Ill, and they who ne'r durst write,
Turn Critiques, out of meer Revenge and Spight :
A Play-house gives 'em Fame ; and up there starts,
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts.
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear :
We take 'em in ; and they turn Beauties here.)
Our Author fears those Critiques as his Fate :
And those he Fears, by consequence, must Hate.
For they the Traffique of all Wit, invade ;
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade :
Howe're, the Poet's safe enough to day :
They cannot censure an unfinish'd Play.
But, as when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
Straight, every man who thinks himself a Wit,
Perks up ; and, managing his Comb, with grace,
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face :
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb ;
To know her by her Rigging and her Trimm :
Then, the whole noise of Popps to wagers go,
Pox on her, 't must be she ; and Damme ee wo :
Just so I Prophecy, these Wits to day,
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play :
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd.
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as those Vizard Masques maintain that Fashion,
To sooth and tickle sweet Imagination :
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Masquing ;
To make you think there's something worth your asking :
But when 'tis shown, that which does now delight you,
Will prove a Dowdy with a Face to fright you.

Almanzor and Almabide:

OR, THE

C O N Q U E S T
OF
GRANADA

By the *S P A N I A R D S.*

The Second P A R T.

A C T I.

S C E N E *A Camp.*

King Ferdinand ; Queen Isabel. Alonzo d'Aguilar..

Attendants : Men and Women.

K. Ferd. **A**T length the time is come, when *Spain* shall be
From the long Yoke of Moorish Tyrants free.
All causes seem to second our design ;
And Heav'n and Earth in their destruction join.
When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender years ;
Till, grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about :
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for ease and Luxury :
Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
The greater space ; and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind, there starts some petty State :
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate :
Then, down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

Que Isabel.

Qu. Isabel. Should bold *Columbus* in his search succeed,
 And find those Beds in which bright Metals breed;
 Tracing the Sun, who seems to steal away,
 That Miser-like, he might alone, survey
 The Wealth, which he in Western Mines did lay;
 Not all that shining Ore could give my heart
 The joy, this Conquer'd Kingdom will impart:
 Which, rescu'd from these Misbelievers hands,
 Shall now, at once, shake off its double bands:
 At once to freedom and true faith restor'd:
 Its old Religion, and its antient Lord.

K. Ferd. By that assault which last we made, I find,
 Their Courage is with their Success declin'd:
Almanzor's absence now they dearly buy,
 Whose Conduct crown'd their Arms with Victory.

Alonso. Their King himself did their last Sally guide,
 I saw him glist'ring in bright Armour, ride
 To break a Lance in honour of his Bride.
 But other thoughts now fill his anxious breast;
 Care of his Crown his Love has dispossest.

To them Abdalla.

Qu. Isabel. But see the Brother of the Moorish King;
 He seems some news of great import to bring.

Ferd. He brings a specious title to our side;
 Those who would conquer, must their Foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my Exile you have pity shown;
 And giv'n me Courage, yet to hope a Throne.
 While you without, our Common Foes subdue,
 I am not wanting to my self, or you.
 But have, within, a faction still alive;
 Strong to assist, and secret to contrive:
 And watching each occasion to foment
 The peoples fears into a discontent:
 Which, from *Almanzor's* loss, before were great
 And now are doubled by their late defeat.
 These Letters from their Chiefs, the news assures.

[Gives Letters to the King.]

K. Ferd. Be mine the honour; but the profit yours.

To them the Duke of Arcos, with Ozmyn, and Benzayda Prisoners.

K. Ferd. That tertia of Italians did you guide
 To take their post upon the River side?

Arcos. All are according to your Orders plac'd:
 My chearful Soldiers their intrenchments hast,
 The *Murcian* foot have ta'en the upper ground,
 - And now the City is beleaguer'd round.

Ferd.

Ferd. Why is not then their Leader here again ?

Arcos. The Master of *Alcantara* is slain :

But he who slew him here before you stands ;
It is that Moor whom you behold in bands.

K. Ferd. A braver man I had not in my Host
His Murderer shall not long his Conquest boast.
But, Duke of *Arcos*, say, how was he slain ?

Arcos. Our Soldiers march'd together on the Plain,
We two rode on, and left them far behind,
Till, coming where we found the valley wind,
We saw these Moors, who, swiftly as they cou'd,
Ran on, to gain the Covert of the wood.
This we observ'd ; and, having cross'd their way,
The Lady, out of breath was forc'd to stay :
The Man then stood and straight his sauchion drew,
Then told us, we in vain did those pursue,
Whom their ill fortune to despair did drive,
And yet, whom we shou'd never take alive.
Neglecting this, the Master straight spur'd on ;
But th' active Moor his horses shock did shun,
And 'ere his Rider from his reach could go,
Finish'd the Combat with one deadly blow :
I, to revenge my Friend, prepar'd to fight,
But now our foremost Men were come in sight,
Who soon would have dispatch'd him on the Place,
Had I not sav'd him from a death so base ;
And brought him to attend your Royal doom.

K. Ferd. A Manly face ; and in his age's bloom.
But to content the Soldiers, he must die ;
Go, see him executed instantly.

Qu. Isabel. Stay ; I would learn his name before he go ;
You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Pris'ner know.

Abdalla. *Ozmyn's* his name ; and he deserves his fate ;
His Father heads that faction which I hate :
But, much I wonder, that I with him see
The daughter of his Mortal Enemy.

Benz. 'Tis true ; by *Ozmyn's* Sword my Brother fell ;
But 'twas a death he merited too well.
I know a Sister should excuse his fault ;
But you know too, that *Ozmyn's* death he sought.

Abdul. Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,
That *Ozmyn* is reserv'd for punishment.
For, when he thought his guilt from danger clear ;
He, by new Crimes, is brought to suffer here.

Benz. In Love, or Pity, if a Crime you find ;
We two have sin'd above all humane kind.

Ozm.

Ozym. Heav'n in my punishment has done a grace;
I could not suffer in a better place:

That I should die by Christians, it thought good
To save your Fathers guilt, who sought my blood.

[To her.

Benz. Fate aims so many blows to make us fall,
That 'tis in vain, to think to ward 'em all;
And where misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a burden; and not worth our care.

Ozym. I cast it from me, like a Garment torn,
Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.

[To Benz.

Besides, there is Contagion in my Fate;
It makes your Life too much unfortunate.
But, since her faults are not ally'd to mine,
In her protection let your favour shine:
To you, Great Queen, I make this last request;
(Since pity dwells in every Royal Breast)
Safe, in your care, her Life and Honour be:
It is a dying Lovers Legacy.

Benz. Cease, *Ozymyn*, cease so vain a sute to move;
I did not give you on those terms my Love.
Leave Me, the care of Me; for when you go,
My Love will soon instruct me what to do.

Q. Isabel. Permit me, Sir, these Lovers doom to give:
My Sentence is, they shall together live.
The Courts of Kings,
To all Distress'd shou'd Sanctuaries be.
But most to Lovers in Adversity.

Castille and Arragon

Which long against each other War did move;
My plighted Lord and I have joyn'd by love:
And, if to add this Conquest Heav'n thinks good,
I would not have it stain'd with Lovers blood.

Ferd. Whatever *Isabella* shall command
Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand*:

Benz. The frowns of Fate we will no longer fear:
Ill Fate, Great Queen, can never find us here.

Isabel. Your thanks some other time I will receive:
Henceforward, safe in my Protection live.

Granada is for Noble Loves renown'd;
Her best defence is in her Lovers found.

Love's an Heroick Passion which can find
No room in any base degenerate mind:

It kindles all the Soul with Honours Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his desire.

Against such Heroes I success should fear,
Had we not too an Host of Lovers here.

An Army of bright Beauties come with me ;
 Each Lady shall her Servants actions see :
 The Fair and Brave on each side shall contest ;
 And they shall overcome who love the best.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

The Alhambra.

Zulema solus.

True ; they have pardon'd me ; but do they know
 What folly 'tis to trust a pardon'd Foe !
 A Blush remains in a forgiven Face ;
 It wears the silent Tokens of Disgrace :
 Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong ;
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
 My hopeful Fortune's lost ! and what's above
 All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love !
 Feign'd Honesty shall work me into Trust ;
 And seeming Penitence conceal my Lust.
 Let Heav'n's great Eye of Providence now take
 One day of rest, and ever after wake.

Enter King Boabdellin, Abenamar and Guards.

Boab. Losses on Losses ! as if Heav'n decreed
Almanzor's valour should alone succeed.

Aben. Each Sally we have made since he is gone,
 Serves but to pull our speedy ruine on.

Boab. Of all Mankind, the heaviest Fate he bears
 Who the last Crown of sinking Empire wears.
 No kindly Planet of his Birth took care :
 Heav'n's Out-cast ; and the Drofs of every Star !

[*A tumultuous noise within.*]

Enter Abdelmelech.

What new misfortune do these Cries preface ?

Abdel. They are th' effects of the mad Peoples rage.
 All in despair tumultuously they swarm ;
 The farthest Streets already take th' Alarm ;
 The needy creep from Cellars, under-ground,
 To them new Cries from tops of Garrets sound.
 The aged from the Chimneys seek the cold ;
 And Wives from Windows helpless Infants hold.

Boab. See what the many-headed Beast demands.

[*Exit Abdelmelech.*]

Curst is that King whose Honour's in their hands.

In Senates, either they too slowly grant,
Or faucily refuse to aid my want:
And when their Thrift has ruin'd me in War,
They call their Insolence my want of Care.

Aben. Curst be their Leaders, who that Rage foment,
And veil with publick good their discontent:
They keep the Peoples Purfes in their hands,
And Hector Kings to grant their wild demands.
But to each Lure a Court throws out, descend,
And prey on those, they promis'd to defend.

Zul. Those Kings who to their wild demands consent,
Teach others the same way to discontent.
Freedom in Subjects is not; nor can be;
But still to please 'em we must call 'em free.
Propriety, which they their Idol make,
Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can shake.

Aben. The name of Common-wealth is popular;
But there the People their own Tyrants are.

Boab. But Kings who rule with limited Command
Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.
Pow'r has no balance, one side still weighs down;
And either hoists the Common-wealth or Crown.
And those who think to set the Scale more right,
By various turnings but disturb the weight.

Aben. While People tug for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r;
Both sink beneath some foreign Conquerour:
Then Subjects find too late they were unjust,
And want that pow'r of Kings they durst not trust.

To them Abdelmelech.

Abdel. The Tumult now is high and dangerous grown:
The People talk of rendring up the Town;
And swear that they will force the Kings consent.

K. Boab. What Counsel can this rising storm prevent?

Abdel. Their fright to no Perswasions will give ear:
There's a deaf madness in a Peoples fear.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Their fury now a middle course does take:
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back.

Boab. I'll rather call my death. ———
Go, and bring up my Guards to my defence:
I'll punish this outrageous Insolence.

Aben. Since blind opinion does their reason sway,
You must submit to cure 'em their own way.
You to their fancies Physick must apply:
Give them that Chief on whom they most rely;

Under *Almanzor* prosperously they fought :
Almanzor therefore must with Pray'rs be brought.

Enter a Second Messenger.

Second Mess. Hast all you can their fury to assuage :
 You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a Third Messenger.

Third Mess. This Minute if you grant not their desire
 They'll seize your Person and your Palace Fire.

Abdel. Your danger, Sir, admits of no delay.

Boab. In tumults, People reign, and Kings obey.
 Go, and appease 'em with the vow I make
 That they shall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back. [Exit Abdel.

Almanzor has th' Ascendant o're my Fate :
 I'm forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate.
 Disgrac'd, distress'd, in exile, and alone,
 He's greater than a Monarch on his Throne.
 Without a Realm a Royalty he gains ;
 Kings are the Subjects over whom he Reigns.

[A shout of Acclamations within.

Aben. These shouts proclaim the people satisfy'd.

Boab. We for another Tempest must provide.
 To promise his return as I was loath,
 So I want pow'r now to perform my oath.
 E're this, for *Africk* he is sail'd from *Spain*.

Aben. The adverse winds his passage yet detain ;
 I heard, last night his equipage did stay,
 At a small Village short of *Malaga*.

K. Boab. Abenamar, this ev'ning thither, haste ;
 Desire him to forget his usage past :
 Use all your Rhet'rique ; Promise ; Flatter ; Pray :

To them Qu. Almahide attended.

Aben. Good Fortune shows you yet a surer way :
 Nor Pray'rs nor Promises his mind will move ;
 'Tis inaccessible to all, but Love.

K. Boab. Oh, thou hast rows'd a thought within my breast,
 That will for ever rob me of my rest.
 Ah Jealousie, how cruel is thy sting !
 I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring !
 And now, I think it is an equal strife,
 If I my Crown should hazard, or my Wife.
 Where, Marriage, is thy cure, which Husbands boast ?
 That, in possession, their desire is lost :
 Or why have I alone that wretched taste
 Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with hunger last ?
 Custom and Duty, cannot set me free,
 Ev'n Sin it self, has not a Charm for me.

Of marry'd Lovers I am sure the first.
And nothing but a King could so be curst.

Q. Almab. What sadness sits upon your Royal Heart?
Have you a Grief, and must not I have part?
All Creatures else a time of Love possess:
Man only clogs with cares his happiness:
And, while he shou'd enjoy his part of Bliss,
With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

K. Boab. You guess'd aright; I am oppress'd with grief:
And 'tis from you that I must seek relief. *[To the Company.]*
Leave us, to sorrow there's a rev'rence due:
Sad Kings, like Suns Eclips'd, withdraw from view. *[The At-*

tendants go off: and Chairs are set for the King and Queen.]
Almab. So, two kind Turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up; and see it gath'ring in the Skie:
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmur their unfinish'd Loves.
Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,
And. Coo, and hearken to each others moan.

[Boab. taking her by the hand.]
Since, *Almabide*, you seem so kind a Wife,
What would you do to save a Husbands life?

Almab. When Fate calls on that hard Necessity,
I'll suffer death rather than you shall die.

Boab. Suppose your Country should in danger be;
What would you undertake to set it free?

Almab. It were too little to resign my Breath:
My own free Hand should give me nobler Death.

Boab. That Hand, which would so much for Glory do,
Must yet do more; for it must kill me too.
You must kill Me, for that dear Countrys sake:
Or what's all one, must call *Almanzor* back.

Almab. I see to what your Speech you now direct;
Either my Love or Vertue you suspect.
But know, that when my person I resign'd,
I was too noble not to give my mind:
No more the shadow of *Almanzor* fear;
I have no room but for your Image, here:

Boab. This, *Almabide* would make me cease to mourn:
Were that *Almanzor* never to return:
But now my fearful People mutiny;
Their clamours call *Almanzor* back, not I.
Their safety, through my ruine, I pursue:
He must return; and must be brought by you.

Almab. That hour when I my Faith to you did plight,
I banish'd him for ever from my sight,

His banishment was to my Vertue due ;
 Not that I fear'd him for my self, but you:
 My Honour had preserv'd me innocent :
 But I would your suspicion too prevent.
 Which, since I see augmented in your mind,
 I yet more reason for his Exile find.

K. Boab. To your intreaties he will yield alone :
 And, on your doom, depend my Life and Throne.
 No longer therefore my desires withstand ;
 Or, if desires prevail not, my Command.

Q. Almab. In his return too sadly I foresee
 Th' effects of your returning jealousy ;
 But, your Command I prize above my life :
 'Tis sacred to a Subject and a Wife :
 If I have pow'r *Almanzor* shall return.

[*Boab. letting go her hand and starting up.*]

Curst be that fatal hour when I was born !
 You love ; you love him ; and that love reveal
 By your too quick consent to his repeal.
 My jealousy had but too just a ground ;
 And now you stab into my former wound.

Q. Almab. This suddain change I do not understand :
 Have you so soon forgot your own Command ?

Boab. Grant that I did th' unjust injunction lay,
 You should have lov'd me more than to obey.
 I know you did this mutiny design ;
 But your Love-plot I'll quickly countermine.
 Let my Crown go ; he Never shall return ;
 I, like a Phoenix in my Nest will burn.

Almab. You please me well that in one common Fate
 You wrap your Self and Me, and all your State :

Let us no more of proud *Almanzor* hear :

'Tis better once to die, than still to fear.

And better many times to die, than be

Oblig'd past payment to an Enemy.

Boab. 'Tis better ; but you wives still have one way :
 When e're your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay.

Alma. Thou, Heav'n, who know'st it, judge my innocence.

You, Sir, deserve not I should make defence.

Yet, judge my Vertue by that proof I gave,

When I submitted to be made your Slave.

Boab. If I have been suspicious or unkind,
 Forgive me ; many cares distract my mind ;
 Love, and a Crown !

Two such excuses no one Man e're had ;
 And each of 'em enough to make me mad :

But now, my Reason re-assumes its Throne,
 And finds no safety when *Almanzor's* gone.
 Send for him, then; I'll be oblig'd; and sue;
 'Tis a less evil than to part with you.
 I leave you to your thoughts; but love me still!
 Forgive my Passion, and obey my Will.

[Exit Boabdelin.]

Almahide Sola.

My jealous Lord will soon to Rage return;
 That Fire his Fear rakes up, does inward burn.
 But Heav'n which made me great, has chose for me:
 I must th' oblation for my People be.
 I'll cherish Honour, then, and Life despise;
 What is not Pure is not for Sacrifice.
 Yet, for *Almanzor* I in secret mourn!
 Can Vertue, then, admit of his return?
 Yes; for my Love I will, by Vertue, square;
 My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.
 I'll, like *Almanzor*, act; and dare to be
 As haughty, and as wretched too as he.
 What will he think is in my Message meant?
 I scarcely understand my own intent:
 But Silk-worm-like, so long within have wrought,
 That I am lost in my own Web of thought.

[Exit Almahide]

ACT II.

SCENE A Wood.

Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Ozm. **T**IS true that our protection here has been.
 Th' effect of Honour in the Spanish Queen.
 But, while I as a friend continue here,
 I to my Country must a Foe appear.

Benz. Think not, my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain
 As Friends, but Pris'ners to the Pow'r of Spain.
 Fortune dispenses with your Countrys right;
 But you desert your honour in your flight:

Ozm. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
 My Honour's glad of a pretence to stay.

[A noise within follow, follow, follow]

Enter

Enter Selin; his Sword drawn; as pursued.

Selin. I am pursu'd, and now am spent and done;

My limbs suffice me not with strength to run.

And, if I could; alas, what can I save;

A year, the *dregs* of life too, from the grave.

[Sits down on the ground.]

Here will I sit; and here attend my fate;

With the same hoary Majesty and State

As Rome's old Senate for the *Galls* did wait.

Benz. It is my Father; and he seems distressed:

Ozmyn. My Honour bids me succour the oppressed:

That life he fought, for his I'll freely give;

We'll die together; or together live.

Benz. I'll call more succour, since the Camp is near;

And fly on all the wings of Love and Fear

[Exit Benz.]

Enter Abenamar and four or five Moors.

[He looks; and finds Selin.]

Aben. Ye've liv'd, and now behold your latest hour:

Selin. I scorn your malice, and defy your power:

A speedy death is all I ask you now;

And that's a favour you may well allow.

Ozmyn; showing himself.

Who gives you death shall give it first to me;

Fate cannot separate our destiny.

[Knows his Father.]

My Father here! then Heav'n it self has laid

The snare, in which my virtue is betray'd.

Aben. Fortune, I thank thee, thou hast kindly done,

To bring me back that fugitive my Son.

In arms too; fighting for my Enemy!

I'll do a Roman justice; thou shalt die.

Ozmyn. I beg not you my forfeit life would save:

Yet add one Minute to that breath you gave.

I disobey'd you, and deserve my fate;

But bury in my grave two houses hate.

Let *Selin* live; and see your Justice done

On me, while you revenge him for his Son:

Your mutual malice in my death may cease;

And equal loss persuade you both to peace.

Aben. to a Sold.

Yes; justice shall be done, on him and thee:

Haste; and dispatch 'em both immediately.

Ozmyn. If you have honour (since you Nature want)

For your own sake my last Petition grant:

And kill not a disarm'd, defenceless Foe:

Whose death your cruelty, or fear will show.

My Father cannot do an Act so base:

My Father! I mistake: I meant, who was!

Aben. Go, then, dispatch him first who was my son.

Ozmyn. Swear but to save his life, I'll yield my own.

Aben.

Aben. Nor tears, nor pray'rs thy life, or his shall buy.

Ozmyn putting himself before Selin.

Then Sir, *Benzayda's* Father shall not die.

And, since he'll want defence when I am gone,

I will, to save his life, defend my own.

Aben. This justice Parricides like thee should have :

[*Aben.* And his party attack them both. *Ozmyn Parries his Father's thrusts ; and thrusts at the others.*

Enter Benzayda, with Abdalla, the Duke of Arcos and Spaniards.

Benz. O help my Father, and my *Ozmyn* save !

Abdal. Villains, that death you have deserv'd, is near.

Ozmyn stops his band.

Stay Prince ; and know I have a Father here.

I were that Parricide of whom he spoke.

Did not my piety prevent your stroke.

Arcos to Aben.

Depart, then, and thank Heav'n you had a Son.

Aben. I am not with these shows of duty won.

Ozmyn to his Father.

Heav'n know's I would that life you seek, resign,

But, while *Benzayda* lives it is not mine.

Will you yet pardon my unwilling crime ?

Aben. By no intreaties ; by no length of time

Will I be won : but, with my latest breath,

I'll curse thee here, and haunt thee after death.

[*Exit Abenamar with his Party.*

Ozmyn kneeling to Selin.

Can you be merciful to that degree

As to forgive my Father's faults in me ?

Can you forgive

The death of him I slew in my defence ;

And, from the malice, separate th' offence !

I can no longer be your Enemy :

In short, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me. [*Offers him his Sword.*

In this your silence my hard fate appears !

Selin. I'll answer you, when I can speak for tears.

But, till I can

Imagine what must needs be brought to pass :

[*Embraces him.*

My heart's not made of Marble, nor of Brass.

Did I for you a cruel death prepare,

And have you — have you, made my life your care !

There is a shame contracted by my faults,

Which hinders me to speak my secret thoughts.

And I will tell you (when that shame's remov'd,)

You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.

Benzayda

Benzayda be your's. — I can no more.

Ozmyn embracing his knees

Blest be that breath which does my life restore.

Benz. I hear my Father now ; these words confess
That name ; and that indulgent tenderness.

Selin. *Benzayda*, I have been too much to blame ;
But, let your goodness expiate for my shame ;
You *Ozmyn's* virtue did in chains adore ;
And part of me was just to him before.
My Son!

[To him.

Ozmyn. My Father !

Selin. — — — — — Since by you I live,
I, for your sake, your family forgive.
Let your hard Father still my life pursue ;
I hate not him, but for his hate to you :
Ev'n that hard father yet may one day be
By kindness vanquish'd as you vanquish'd me.
Or, if my death can quench to you his rage,
Heav'n makes good use of my remaining age.

Abdal. I grieve your joys are mingled with my cares.
But all take interest in their own affairs :
And therefore I must ask how mine proceed.

Selin. They now are ripe ; and but your presence need :
For, *Lyndaraxa*, faithless as the wind,
Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind :
For, hearing that the Christians own your cause,
From thence th'assurance of a Throne she draws.
And, since *Almanzor*, whom she most did fear
Is gone ; she to no Treaty will give ear ;
But sent me her unkindness to excuse.

Abdal. You much surprize me with your pleasing news.

Selin. But, Sir, she hourly does th' assault expect :
And must be lost, if you her Aid neglect.
For *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare
He'll use the last extremities of War ;
Since she refuse the Fortress to resign.

Abdal. The charge of hast'ning this relief be mine.

Selin. This, while I undertook, whether beset
Or else by chance *Abenamar* I met ;
Who seem'd in hast returning to the Town.

Abdal. My Love must in my diligence be shown.
And as my pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this hour
I'll put the Fortress in your master's power. [To *Arkos*.

Selin. An open way from hence to it there lies,
And we with ease may send in large supplies.

Free from the shot and Sallies of the Town;
Arcos. Permit, me Sir, to share in your renown;
 First to my King I will impart the news,
 And then draw out what Succours we shall use.

[*Exit Duke of Arcos.*]

Abdel. Grant that she loves me not, at least I see [*Aside.*]
 She loves not others, if she loves not me.
 'Tis Pleasure when we reap the fruit of Pain;
 'Tis only pride to be belov'd again.
 How many are not lov'd who think they are;
 Yet all are willing to believe the Fair;
 And, though 'tis Beauties known and obvious cheat,
 Yet Man's Self-love still favours the deceit. [*Exit Abdalla.*]

Selin. Farewel, my Children; equally so dear
 That I my self am to my self less near.
 While I repeat the dangers of the War,
 Your mutual safety be each others care.
 Your Father, *Ozmyn*, till the War be done,
 As much as honour will permit, I'll shun.
 If by his Sword I perish; let him know
 It was because I would not be his Foe.

Ozmyn. Goodness and Virtue all your Actions guide;
 You only err in choosing of your side.
 That party I with honour cannot take;
 But can much less the care of you forsake,
 I must not draw my Sword against my Prince;
 But yet may hold a Shield in your defence.
Benzayda, free from danger here shall stay:
 And for a Father, and a Lover, pray.

Benz. No, no; I gave not on those terms my heart;
 That from my *Ozmyn* I should ever part.
 That Love I vow'd when you did death attend
 'Tis just that nothing but my death should end.
 What Merchant is it who would stay behind,
 His whole stock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind,
 I'd pray for both; but both shall be in fight;
 And Heav'n shall hear me pray, and see you fight.

Selin. No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a design,
 Where so much Love and so much Virtue joyn.
Ozmyn to her.

Then Conquer, and your Conquest happy be
 Both to your self, your Father, and to me.
 With bended knees our freedom we'll demand
 Of *Isabel*, and mighty *Ferdinand*.
 Then, while the paths of Honour we pursue,
 We'll int'rest Heav'n for us in right of you.

[*Exeunt.*]

3 C E N E.

S C E N E. *The Albayzyn.*[*An alarm within; then Souldiers running over the Stage.*]*Enter Abdelmelech Victorious with Soldiers.*

Abdel. 'Tis won, 'tis won; and *Lyndaraxa*, now,
 Who scorn'd to treat, shall to a Conquest bow.
 To every sword I free Commission give;
 Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.
 Spare only *Lyndaraxa*; let her be
 In Triumph led to grace my Victory.
 Since by her falshood, she betray'd my Love,
 Great as that falshood my revenge shall prove.

Enter Lyndaraxa, as frighted; attended by women.
 Go take th' enchantress and bring her to me bound.

Lynd. Force needs not where resistance is not found:
 I come, my self to offer you my hands;
 And, of my own accord, invite your bands.
 I wish to be my *Abdelmelech's* Slave;
 I did but wish, and easie Fortune gave.

Abdel. O, more than *Woman* false! but 'tis in vain.
 Can you e'er hope to be believ'd again?
 I'll sooner trust th' *Hyena* than your smile;
 Or, than your Tears the weeping Crocodile.
 In War and Love none should be twice deceiv'd;
 The fault is mine if you are now believ'd.

Lynd. Be overwise, then, and too late repent;
 Your Crime will carry its own punishment.
 I am well pleas'd not to be justifi'd:
 I owe no satisfaction to your pride.
 It will be more advantage to my Fame,
 To have it said I never own'd a Flame.

Abdel. 'Tis true; my pride has satisfy'd it self:
 I have at length escap'd the deadly shelf.
 Th' excuses you prepare will be in vain,
 Till I am fool enough to love again.

Lynd. Am I not lov'd?

Abdel. ——— I must, with shame, avow
 I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.

Lynd. Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla's* trust?
 You are to me as I to him unjust.

Abdel. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
 Who kept the Fortref's for my Enemy.

[*Angrily.*]

M 2

Lynd.

Lynd. 'Tis true, I took the Fortress from his hand;
But, since, have kept it in my own command.

Abdel. That act your foul ingratitude did show.

Lynd. You are th' ungrateful, since 'twas kept for you.

Abdel. 'Twas kept indeed; but not by your intent,
For all your kindness I may thank the event.

Blush, *Lyndaraxa*, for so cross a cheat;

'Twas kept for me when you refus'd to Treat!

[Ironically:]

Lynd. Blind man, I knew the weakness of the place:

It was my plot to do your Arms this Grace:

Had not my care of your renown been great,

I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.

She who is lov'd must little lets create,

But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.

This force you us'd my maiden blush will save;

You seem'd to take what secretly I gave.

I knew we must be conquer'd; but I knew

What confidence I might repose in you.

I knew you were too grateful to expose

My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.

Abdel. Well; though I love you not, their lives shall be
Spar'd out of pity and humanity.

[To a Soldier.]

Alferez, go, and let the slaughter cease.

Lynd. Then must I to your pity owe my peace!

[Exit the Alferez.]

Is that the tend'rest term you can afford!

Time was, you wou'd have us'd another word.

Abdel. Then, for your Beauty, I your Souldiers spare:
For though I do not love you, you are fair.

Lynd. That little Beauty why did Heav'n impart
To please your eyes, but not to move your heart!

I'll shrowd this Gorgon from all human view;

And own no beauty, since it charms not you!

Reverse your Orders, and your sentence give;

My Souldiers shall not from my beauty live.

Abdel. Then, from your friendship they their lives shall gain;
Though love be dead, yet friendship does remain.

Lynd. That friendship which from whither'd Love does shoot,
Like the faint Herbage of a Rock, wants root,
Love is a tender amity, refin'd:

Grafted on friendship it exalts the kind.

But when the Grass no longer does remain,

The dull Stock lives; but never bears again.

Abdel. Then, that my friendship may not doubtful prove,
(Fool that I am to tell you so,) I love

You would extort this knowledge from my breast;
 And tortur'd me so long that I confess.
 Now I expect to suffer for my Sin;
 My Monarchy must end and your's begin.

Lynd. Confess not Love, but spare your self that shame:
 And call your passion by some other Name.
 Call this assault, your malice, or your hate;
 Love owns no acts so disproportionate.
 Love never taught this insolence you show,
 To treat your mistress like a conquer'd Foe,
 Is this th' obedience which my heart should move! *[Alferez.]*
 This usage looks more like a Rape than love.

Abdel. What proof of Duty would you I should give?

Lynd. 'Tis Grace enough to let my subjects live:
 Let your rude Soldiers keep possession still;
 Spoil, rifle, pillage, any thing but kill.
 In short, Sir, use your fortune as you please;
 Secure my castle, and my person seize.
 Let your true men my Rebels hence remove;
 I shall dream on; and think 'tis all your Love.

Abdel. You know too well my weakness and your pow'r.
 Why did Heav'n make a fool a Conqueror?
 She was my slave; till she by me was shown
 How weak my force was, and how strong her own.
 Now she has beat my pow'r from every part;
 Made her way open to my naked heart: *[To a Sould.]*
 Go, strictly charge my Souldiers to retreat:
 Those countermand who are not enter'd yet.
 On peril of your lives leave all things free. *[Exit Soldier.]*
 Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.
 I only ask, in duty, you would bring
 The Keys of our *Albazyn* to the King:
 I'll make your terms as gentle as you please.

Trumpets sound a charge within: and Soldiers shout.
 What shouts; and what new sounds of War are these?

Lynd. Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my intent *[Aside.]*
 Of gaining time; and welcome succours sent.

Enter Alferez.

Alf. All's lost; and you are fatally deceiv'd:
 The Foe is enter'd: and the place reliev'd.
 Scarce from the Walls had I drawn off my men
 When, from their Camp, the enemy rush'd in:
 And Prince *Abdalla* enter'd first the Gate.

Abdel. I am betray'd; and find it now too late. *[To her.]*
 When your proud Soul to flatteries did descend;
 I might have known it did some ill portend.

The

The weary Seaman stormy weather fears,
When Winds shift often, and no cause appears.
You, by my bounty live——

Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd for my sake,
And this return your gratitude does make.——

Lynd. My Brothers best their own obligation knows;
Without your charging me with what they owe.
But, since you think th' obligation is so great,
I'll bring a friend to satisfy my debt.

[*Looking behind.*]

Abdel. Thou shalt not triumph in thy base design,
Though not thy Fort, thy Person shall be mine.

[*He goes to take her: She runs and cries out help.*]

Enter Abdalla, Arcos, Spaniards. Abdelmelech retreats fighting:
and is pursued by the adverse party off the Stage.

[*An Alarm within.*]

Enter again Abdalla and the Duke of Arcos with Lyndaraxa

Arcos. Bold Abdelmelech twice our Spaniards fac'd;
Though much out-numbered; and retreated last.

Abdalla to Lyndaraxa.

Your Beauty, as it moves no common fire,
So it no common courage can inspire.
As he fought well so had he prosper'd too,
If, Madam, he like me, had fought for you.

Lynd. Fortune, at last has chosen with my eyes;
And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the prize.
You see, Sir, with what hardship I have kept
This precious gage which in my hands you left.
But 'twas the love of you which made me fight,
And gave me Courage to maintain your right.
Now, by experience you my faith may find;
And are to thank me that I seem'd unkind.
When your malicious fortune doom'd your fall
My care restrain'd you, then, from losing all.
Against your destiny I shut the Gate,
And gather'd up the Shipwrecks of your fate.
I, like a friend, did ev'n your self withstand,
From throwing all upon a losing hand.

Abdal. My love makes all your acts unquestion'd go:
And sets a Sovereign stamp on all you do.
Your Love, I will believe with hoodwink'd Eyes;
In Faith, much merit in much blindness lies.
But now, to make you great as you are fair,
The Spaniards an Imperial Crown prepare.

Lynd. That gift's more welcome, which with you I share:
Let us no time in fruitless courtship lose,
But fall out upon our frighted Foes.

No Ornaments of pow'r so please my eyes
As purple, which the blood of Princes, dies.

[*Exeunt. He leading her.*]

SCENE. *The Alhambra.*

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Almahide, Guards, &c.

The Queen wearing a Scarfe.

Abenamar. My little Journey has successful been;
The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen.
I found him, like *Achilles* on the shore,
Pensive, complaining much, but threatening more.
And like that injur'd Greek, he heard our woes:
Which, while I told, a gloomy smile arose
From his bent brows; and still, the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to despair were driven,
Betwixt his teeth he mutter'd thanks to Heaven.

Boab. How I disdain this aid; which I must take
Not for my own but *Almahida's* sake.

Aben. But when he heard it was the Queen who sent;
That her command repeal'd his banishment,
He took the summons with a greedy joy,
And ask'd me how she would his Sword employ?
Then bid me say, her humblest slave would come
From her fair mouth with joy to take his doom.

Boab. Oh that I had not sent you! though it cost
My Crown; though I, and it, and all were lost!

Aben. While I to bring this news, came on before,
I met with *Selin*——

Boab. ——— I can hear no more.

Enter Hamet.

Hamet. *Almanzor* is already at the gate
And throngs of people on his entrance wait.

Boab. Thy news does all my faculties surprize,
He bears two Basilisks in those fierce Eyes.
And that tame *Dæmon* which should guard my throne,
Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

[*Exit Boabdelin, with Aben. and Guards.*]

Enter Almanzor; seeing Almahide approach him he speaks.

Alman. So *Venus* moves when to the Thunderer
In smiles or Tears she would some suit prefer.

When

When with her Cestus girt,
 And drawn by Doves, she cuts the liquid Skies,
 And kindles gentle fires where-e'er she flies:
 To every eye a Goddess is confest:
 By all the Heavenly Nation she is blest,
 And each with secret joy admires her to his Breast.

To her bowing.

Madam, your new commands I come to know:
 If yet you can have any where I go:
 If to the Regions of the dead they be,
 You take the speediest course, to send by me.

Almah. Heav'n has not destin'd you so soon to rest:
 Heroes must live to succour the distress.

Almanz. To serve such beauty all mankind should live:
 And, in our service, our reward you give:
 But, stay me not in torture to behold,
 And ne'er enjoy: as from another's gold
 The Miser hastens in his own defence,
 And shuns the sight of tempting excellence;
 So, having seen you once so killing fair,
 A second sight were but to move despair.
 I take my eyes from what too much would please.
 As men in Fevers famish their disease.

Almah. No; you may find your Cure an easier way,
 If you are pleas'd to seek it; in your stay.
 All objects lose by too familiar view,
 When that great charm is gone of being new.
 By often seeing me, you soon will find
 Defects so many in my face and mind,
 That to be freed from Love you need not doubt;
 And, as you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

Almanz. I, rather, like weak Armies, should retreat;
 And so prevent my more entire defeat.
 For your own sake in quiet let me go:
 Press not too far, on a despairing foe:
 I may turn back and arm'd against you move
 With all the furious train of hopeless love.

Almah. Your honour cannot to ill thoughts give way;
 And mine can run no hazard by your stay.

Almanz. Do you, then, think I can with patience see
 That sovereign good possess'd and not by me?
 No; I all day shall languish at the sight;
 And rave on what I do not see, all night.
 My quick imagination will present
 The Scenes and Images of your content:

Almah. These are the day-dreams which wild fancy yields,
Empty as shadows are, that fly o'er fields.

O, whither would this boundless fancy move!

'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love.

Like a distracted Passenger you stand;

And see, in Seas, imaginary Land.

Cool Groves, and Flow'ry Meads, and while you think

To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you sink.

Almah. Love's Calenture too well I understand;

But sure your Beauty is no Fairy Land!

Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;

For, Glow-worm-like, you shine, and do not see.

Almah. Can you think this, and would you go away?

Almah. What recompence attends me if I stay?

Almah. You know I am from recompence debarr'd;

But I will grant your merit a reward.

Your Flame's too noble to deserve a Cheat;

And I too plain to practise a Deceit.

I no return of Love can ever make;

But what I ask is for my Husband's sake:

He, I confess, has been ungrateful too;

But he and I are ruin'd if you go.

Your Virtue to the hardest proof I bring:

Unbrib'd, preserve a Mistress and a King.

Almah. I'll stop at nothing that appears so brave;

I'll do't: and now I no Reward will have.

You've given my Honour such an ample Field

That I may die, but that shall never yield.

Spight of my self I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Despair;

And I can do all this, because I dare.

Yet I may own one suit—

That Scarf, which since by you it has been born

Is Blest, like Relicks, which by Saints were worn.

Almah. Presents like this my Virtue durst not make,

But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husband's sake. [Gives the Scarf.]

Almah. This Scarf to Honourable Raggs I'll wear:

As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Ensigns bear.

But O how much my Fortune I despise,

Which gives me Conquest, while she Love denies!

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE The Alhambra,

Almahide, Esperanza.

Esper. **A**ffected Modesty has much of Pride;
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deny'd:
Nor does it shock the Virtue of a Wife,
When giv'n that man, to whom you owe your life.

Almah. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill 'twas free:
Yet it may feed my Husband's jealousy,
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.

To them Boabdellin; and walks apart.

See where he comes all pensive and alone;
A gloomy Fury has o'er-spread his Face:
'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.
Marriage, thou curse of Love; and fate of Life! *[Boab. aside.]*
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;
But Marriage views the gross and danc'd Landskip near.
Loves nauseous cure! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please;
And when thou cur'st, then thou art the disease.
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our bodies ties,
Love couples Friends; but Marriage Enemies!
If Love, like mine, continues after thee,
'Tis soon made sowre, and turn'd by Jealousie.
No sign of Love in jealous Men remains
But that which sick men have of life; their pains.

Almahide walking to him.

Has my dear Lord some new affliction had?
Have I done any thing that makes him sad?

Boab. You, nothing, You! but let me walk alone!

Almah. I will not leave you till the cause be known:
My knowledge of the ill may bring relief.

Boab. Thank ye: You never fail to cure my grief!
Trouble me not; my grief concerns not you.

Almah. While I have life I will your steps pursue.

Boab. I'm out of humour now; you must not stay.

Almah. I fear it is that Scarf I gave away.

Boab. No; 'tis not that:— but speak of it no more:
Go hence; I am not what I was before.

Almah.

Almah. Then I will make you so: give me your hand!
Can you this pressing, and these Tears withstand!

Boab, sighing and going off from her.

O Heav'n, were she but mine, or mine alone!
Ah, why are not the Heart of Women known!
False Women to new joys, unseen can move:
There are no prints left in the paths of Love.
All Goods, besides by publick marks are known;
But what we most desire to keep, has none.

Almah, approaching him.

Why will you in your Breast your passion croud
Like unborn Thunder rowling in a Cloud?

Torment not your poor Heart; but set it free;
And rather let its fury break on me.

I am not married to a God; I know,
Men must have Passions, and can bear from you.

I fear th'unlucky Present I have made

Boab. O pow'r of Guilt; how Conscience can upbraid!
It forces her not only to reveal,

But to repeat what she would most conceal!

Almah. Can such a toy, and giv'n in publick too——

Boab. False Woman, you contriv'd it should be so.

That publick Gift in private was design'd;

The Emblem of the Love you meant to bind.

Hence from my sight, ungrateful as thou art;

And, when I can, I'll banish thee my heart.

[She weeps.]

To them Almanzor wearing the Scarf:

He sees her weep.

Almanz. What precious drops are those

Which, silently, each others track pursue,

Bright as young Diamonds in their infant dew?

Your lustre you should free from tears maintain;

Like Egypt, rich without the help of rain.

Now curst be he who gave this cause of grief;

And double curst who does not give relief.

Almah. Our common fears, and publick miseries

Have drawn these tears from my afflicted Eyes.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot easily believe

It is for any publick cause you grieve.

On your fair face the marks of sorrow lye;

But I read fury in your Husbands Eye.

And, in that passion, I too plainly find

That you'r unhappy; and that he's unkind.

Almah. Not new-made Mothers greater love express

Than he; when with first looks their babes they bless.

ACT III.

SCENE *The Alhambra,**Almahide, Esperanza.*

Esper. **A**ffected Modesty has much of Pride;
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deny'd:
Nor does it shock the Virtue of a Wife,
When giv'n that man, to whom you owe your life.

Almah. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill 'twas free;
Yet it may feed my Husband's jealousy;
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.

To them Boabdellin; and walks apart.

See where he comes all pensive and alone;
A gloomy Fury has o'er-spread his Face:
'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.
Marriage, thou curse of Love; and plague of Life, *[Boabd. aside.]*
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;
But Marriage views the gross and dabb'd Landkip near.
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But I read fury in your Husbands Eye.
And, in that passion, I too plainly find
That you'r unhappy; and that he's unkind.

Almah. Not new-made Mothers greater love express
Than he; when with first looks their babes they bless.

Nor Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs Kind;
Nor guardian Angels to their charge assign'd.

Boab. O goodness counterfeited to the life!

O the well acted virtue of a wife.

Would you with this my just suspicions blind?

You've given me great occasion to be kind!

The marks, too, of your spotless love appear;

Witness the badge of my dishonour there.

[Pointing to Almanzor's Scarf.]

Almanz. Unworthy owner of a gemm so rare!

Heavens, why must he possess, and I despair!

Why is this Miser doom'd to all this store;

He who has all, and yet believes he's poor?

Almahide to Almanzor.

You'r much too bold, to blame a jealousy,

So kind in him, and so desir'd by me.

The faith of wives would unrewarded prove,

Without those just observers of our love.

The greater care the higher passion shows;

We hold that dearest we most fear to lose.

Difficult in Lovers is too warm a Sun,

But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone!

And, in those Climes which most his scorching know,

He makes the noblest fruits and Metals grow.

Almanz. Yes, there are mines of Treasure in your breast,

Seen by that jealous Sun, but not possess.

He, like a devil among the blest above,

Can take no pleasure in your Heaven of love:

Go, take her; and thy causeless fears remove;

Love her so well that I with rage may die:

Dull Husbands have no right to jealousy:

If that's allow'd, it must in Lovers be.

Boab. The succour which thou bring'st me makes thee bold;

But know, without thy aid, my Crown I'll hold.

Or, if I cannot, I will fire the place:

Of a full City make a naked space.

Hence, then, and from a Rival set me free:

I'll do; I'll suffer any thing, but thee.

Almanz. I wonnot go; I'll not be forc'd away:

I came not for thy sake; nor do I stay.

It was the Queen who for my aid did send;

And 'tis I only can the Queen defend:

I, for her sake thy Scepter will maintain;

And thou, by me, in spite of thee, shalt reign.

Boab. Had I but hope I could defend this place

Three daies; thou shouldst not live to my disgrace

So small a time—

Might

Might I possess my *Almahide* alone,
I would live ages out e're they were gone:
I should not be of love or life bereft;
All should be spent before; and nothing left.

Almahide to Boabdelin.

As for your sake I for *Almanzor* sent,
So, when you please, he goes to banishment.
You shall, at last, my Loyalty approve:
I will refuse no tryal of my love.

Boab. How can I think you love me, while I see
That Trophée of a Rivals Victory?
I'll tear it from his side. —————

Almanz. ————— I'll hold it fast
As life; and when life's gone, I'll hold this last.
And, if thou tak'st it after I am slain,
I'll send my Ghost to fetch it back again.

Almah. When I bestow'd that Scarf, I had not thought
Or not consider'd, it might be a fault.
But, since my Lord's displeas'd that I should make
So small a present, I command it back.
Without delay th'unlucky gift restore;
Or, from this minute, never see me more.

[*Almanzor pulling it off hastily, and presenting it to her.*
The shock of such a curse I dare not stand,
Thus I obey your absolute command. [*She gives it to the King.*
Must he the spoils of scorn'd *Almanzor* wear?
May *Turnus* fate be thine; who dar'd to bear
The belt of murder'd *Pallas*; from afar
Mayst thou be known; and be the mark of War:
Live just to see it from thy shoulders torn
By common hands, and by some Coward worn. [*An Alarm within.*

Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar:
their Swords drawn.

Abdelm. Is this a time for discord or for grief?
We perish, Sir, without your quick relief.
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate;
The Foes pursue their fortune, and our fate.

Zul. The Rebels with the Spaniards are agreed.

Boab. Take breath; my guards shall to the fight succeed.
Abenamar to Almanzor.

Why stay you, Sir, the conqu'ring Foe is near?
Give us their courage; and give them our fear.

Hamet. Take Arms, or we must perish in your fight,

Almanz. I care not; perish; for I will not fight.
I wonnot lift an Arm in his defence:
And yet I wonnot stir one Foot from hence.

I to your Kings defence his Town resign;

This only spot whereon I stand, is mine.

Madam, be safe and lay aside your fear,

You are, as in a Magick Circle, here.

Boab. To our own Valour our success we'll owe.

Haste, Hamet, with *Abenamar* to go;

You two draw up, with all the speed you may,

Our last reserves, and, yet redeem the day.

[*Exeunt Hamet and Abenamar, one way, the King the other, with Abdelmelech &c. Alarm within.*

Enter Abdelmelech, his Sword drawn.

Abdel. Granada is no more! th' unhappy King

Vent'ring too far, e're we could succour bring,

Was, by the Duke of *Arcos*, Pris'ner made;

And, past relief, is to the Fort convey'd.

Almanz. Heav'n, thou art just! go, now despise my aid.

Almah. Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!

Betray'd by him in whom I trusted most!

But I will ne'er outlive what I have lost.

Is this your succour, this your boasted love!

I will accuse you to the Saints above!

Almanzor vow'd he would for honour fight;

And lets my husband perish in my fight.

[*Exeunt Almahide and Esperanza.*

Almanz. O, I have err'd; but hurry made me blind:

And, in her just reproach, my fault I find!

I promis'd ev'n for him to fight, whom I——

——But since he's lov'd by her he must not die.

Thus, happy fortune comes to me in vain,

When I my self must ruine it again.

To him Abenamar, Hamet, Abdelmelech, Zulema; Soldiers.

Aben. The Foe has enter'd the Vermillion Tow'rs;

And nothing but th' *Albambra* now is ours.

Almanz. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;

You lost it all to that last stake before:

Fate, now come back; thou canst not farther get;

The bounds of thy libration here are set.

Thou knowst this place,——

And, like a Clock wound up, strik'st here for me;

Now, Chance, assert thy own inconstancy:

And, Fortune, fight, that thou mayst Fortune be.

They come; here, favour'd by the narrow place,

I can, with few, their gross Battalion face.

By the dead wall, you *Abdelmelech*, wind;

Then, charge; and their retreat cut off behind.

[*Exeunt.*

[*An Alarm within.*

Enter

Enter Almanzor and his party, with Abdella Prisoner.

Almanzor to Abdalla.

You were my friend ; and to that name, I owe
The just regard, which you refus'd to show.
Your liberty I frankly would restore ;
But honour now forbids me to do more.
Yet, Sir, your freedom in your choice shall be ;
When you command to set your Brother free.

Abdall. Th'exchange which you propose, with joy I take ;
An offer, easier than my hopes could make.
Your benefits revenge my crimes to you :
For, I my shame in that bright Mirror, view.

Almanz. No more ; you give me thanks you do not owe,
I have been faulty ; and repent me now.
But, though our Penitence a virtue be,
Mean Souls alone repent in misery.
The brave own faults when good success is given :
For then they come on equal terms to Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Albayzyn.*

Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Benz. I see there's somewhat which you fear to tell ;
Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my Father well ? ———
——— Why cross you thus your Arms ; and shake your head ?
Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozmyn. I know not more than you ; but fear not less ;
Twice sinking, twice I drew him from the press.
But the victorious Foe pursu'd to fast,
That flying throngs divided us at last.
As Seamen parting in a general wreck,
When first the loosening planks begin to crack,
Each catches one ; and straight are far disjoyn'd,
Some born by Tides, and others by the wind ;
So, in this ruine, from each other rent,
With heav'd up hands we mutual farewells sent ;
Methought his Eyes, when just I lost his view,
Were looking blessings to be sent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,
Thou rulest Mankind, but art a Tyrant there !
Thy widest Empires in a lovers breast :
Like open Seas we seldom are at rest.
Upon thy Coasts our wealth is daily cast ;
And thou, like Pyrates, makest no peace to last.

To them Lyndaraxa, Duke of Arcos, and Guards.

D. Arcos. We are surpriz'd when least we did suspect ;
And justly suffer'd by our own neglect.

Lynd.

Lynd. No ; none but I have reason to complain,
 So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis lost again !
 O, how unequally in me were joyn'd
 A creeping fortune, with a soring mind !
 O Lottery of fate ! where still the wise
 Draw blanks of Fortune ; and the fools the prize !
 These Crofs ill-shuffled lots from Heav'n are sent,
 Yet dull Religion teaches us content.
 But, when we ask it where that blessing dwells,
 It points to Pedant Colleges, and Cells.
 There, shows it rude, and in a homely dress ;
 And that proud want mistakes for happiness. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Enter Zulema.

Brother ! what strange adventure brought you here ?
Zul. The News I bring will yet more strange appear.
 The little care you of my life did show,
 Has of a Brother justly made a Foe.
 And *Abdelmelech*, who that life did save
 As justly has deserv'd that love he gave.

Lynd. Your business cools, while tediouslly it stays
 On the low Theme of *Abdelmelech's* praise.

Zul. This, I present from Prince *Abdalla's* hands.

[*Delivers a Letter, which she reads.*]

Lynd. He has propos'd, (to free him from his bands,) That, with his Brother, an Exchange be made.

Arcos. It proves the same design which we had laid,
 Before the Castle let a Bar be set ;
 And, when the Captives on each side are met,
 With equal Numbers chosen for their Guard,
 Just at the time the passage is unbar'd,
 Let both at once advance, at once be free.

Lynd. Th' Exchange I will my self in person see.

Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from doubt be freed,
 Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead ?

Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs must know,
 He is a Pris'ner to his greatest Foe.

Kept, with strong guards, in the *Alhambra* Tower ;
 Without the reach ev'n of *Almanzor's* pow'r.

Ozmya. With grief and shame I am at once oppress'd.

Zul. You will be more, when I relate the rest.
 To you I from *Abenamar* am sent ;

[*To Ozmya.*]

And you alone can *Selin's* death prevent.

Give up your self a Pris'ner in his stead ;

Or, ere to morrow's dawn, believe him dead.

Benz. E're that appear I shall expire with grief.

Zul. Your action swift, your Counsel must be brief

Lynd.

Lynd. While for *Abdalla's* freedom we prepare,
You, in each others Breast unload your care.

[*Exeunt all but Ozmyn and Benzayda.*]

Benz. My wishes contradictions must imply;
You must not go; and yet he must not die.
Your Reason may, perhaps, th' extremes unite;
But there's a mist of Fate before my sight.

Ozmyn. The two extremes too distant are to close;
And Human Wit can no mid-way propose.
My duty therefore shows the nearest way,
To free your Father; and my own obey.

Benz. Your Father, whom since yours, I grieve to blame,
Has lost, or quite forget a Parent's name.
And, when at once possess'd of him and you,
Instead of freeing one, will murder two.

Ozmyn. Fear not my Life; but suffer me to go:
What cannot only Sons with Parents do!
'Tis not my death my Father does pursue;
He only would withdraw my Love from you.

Benz. Now, *Ozmyn*, now your want of Love I see:
For, would you go, and hazard losing me?

Ozmyn. I rather would ten thousand Lives forsake:
Nor, can you e're believe the doubt you make. ———
——— This night I with a chosen Band will go;
And, by surprize, will free him from the Foe.

Benz. What Foe! ah whither would your Vertue fall!
It is your Father whom the Foe you call.
Darkness and Rage will no distinction make;
And yours may perish for my Father's sake.

Ozmyn. Thus, when my weaker Virtue goes astray,
Yours pulls it back; and guides me in the way:
I'll send him word, my being shall depend
On *Selin's* Life, and with his Death shall end.

Benz. 'Tis that indeed would glut your Father's rage:
Revenge on *Ozmyn's* Youth, and *Selin's* age.

Ozmyn. Whate'er I plot, like *Sisyphus*, in vain
I heave a stone that tumbles down again.

Benz. This Glorious work is then reserv'd for me;
He is my Father; and I'll set him free.
These Chains my Father for my sake does wear:
I made the fault; and I the pains will bear.

Ozmyn. Yes; you no doubt have merited those pains:
Those hands; those tender Limbs were made for Chains.
Did I not love you, yet it were too base
To let a Lady suffer in my place.

Those proofs of Vertue you before did show
I did admire : but I must envy now.
Your vast ambition leaves no Fame for me
But grasps at universal Monarchy.

Benz. Yes, *Ozmyn*, I shall still this Palm pursue;
I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.
I'll break those bonds in which my Father's ty'd :
Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.
What though my Limbs a Womans weakness show ;
I have a Soul as Masculine as you.

And, when these Limbs want strength, my Chains to wear ;
My Mind shall teach my body how to bear. *[Exit Benzayda.]*

Ozmyn. What I resolve I must not let her know ;
But Honour has decreed she must not go.
What she resolves I must prevent with care ;
She shall not in my Fame or Danger share.
I'll give strict Order to the Guards which wait ;
That, when she comes, she shall not pass the Gate.
Fortune, at last, has run me out of breath ;
I have no refuge, but the arms of death :
To that dark Sanctuary I will go :
She cannot reach me when I lie so low.

SCENE. *The Albayzyn.*

Enter on one side Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zuléma, Hamet.
On the other side the Duke of Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, and their party. After which the Bars are opened ; and at the same time Boabdelin and Abdalla pass by each other, each to his party : when Abdalla is past on the other side ; the Duke of Arcos approaches the Bars, and calls to Almanzor.

Arcos. The hatred of the brave with battels ends ;
And Foes, who fought for Honour, then, are Friends.
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud
To have one hour when Love may be allow'd.
This hand, in sign of that esteem, I plight :
We shall have angry hours enough to fight. *[Giving his hand.]*

Almanz. The Man who dares, like you, in fields appear,
And meet my Sword, shall be my Mistress here.
If I am proud, 'tis only to my Foes ;
Rough but to such who Vertue would oppose.
If I some fierceness from a Father drew,
A Mothers Milk gives me some softness too.

Arcos.

first you took, and after set me free,
 (Whether a sence of Gratitude it be,
 Or some more secret motion of my mind,
 For which I want a name that's more than kind)
 I shall be glad, by what e're means I can ;
 To get the friendship of so brave a man :
 And would your unavailing valour call
 From aiding those whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.
 We owe you that respect——

Which to the Gods of Foes besieg'd was shown ;
 To call you out before we take your Town.

Almanz. Those whom we love, we should esteem 'em too ;
 And not debauch that Vertue which we woove.
 Yet, though you give my Honour just offence,
 I'll take your kindness in the better sence.
 And, since you for my safety seem to fear,
 I, to return your Bribe, should wish you here.
 But, since I love you more than you do me,
 In all events preserve your Honour free :
 For that's your own, though not your destiny.

Arcos. Were you oblig'd in Honour by a Trust,
 I should not think my own proposals just.
 But: since you fight for an unthankful King,
 What loss of Fame can change of parties bring ?

Almanz. It will, and may with justice too be thought,
 That some advantage, in that change I sought.
 And, though I twice have chang'd, for wrongs receiv'd
 That it was done for profit, none believ'd.
 The Kings Ingratitude I knew before,
 So that can be no cause of changing more.
 If now I stand, when no reward can be ;
 'Twill show the fault before was not in me.

Arcos. Yet, there is one reward to value due ;
 And such it is, as may be fought by you.
 That beaut'ous Queen: whom you can never gain,
 While you secure her Husbands Life and Reign.

Almanz. Then be it so: let me have no return

[Here Lyndaraxa comes near and hears them.]
 From him but Hatred; and from her but Scorn.
 There is this comfort in a noble Fate,
 That I deserve to be more fortunate.
 You have my last resolve; and now farewell;
 My boding Heart some Mischief does foretel:
 But, what it is, Heav'n will not let me know;
 I'm sad to death, that I must be your Foe.

Aras. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it must be
To one; spare him; and cast the Lot on me.

[*They retire.*]

Lynd. Ah, what a noble Conquest were this Heart!
I am resolv'd I'll try my utmost Art:
In gaining him, I gain that Fortune too
Which he has Wedded, and which I but Wee:
I'll try each secret passage to his mind;
And Love's soft Bands about his Heart-strings wind.
Not his vow'd Constancy shall scape my snare;
While he, without, resistance does prepare,
I'll melt into him ere his Love's aware.

[*She makes a gesture of invitation to
Almanzor, who returns again.*]

Lynd. You see, Sir, to how strange a remedy
A persecuted Maid is forc'd to fly.
Who, much distress, yet scarce has confidence
To make your noble pity her defence.

Almanz. Beauty, like yours, can no protection need;
Or, if it sues, is certain to succeed.

To whate're Service you ordain my hand,
Name your Request, and call it your Command.

Lynd. You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate
Has made me lov'd with all th'effects of Hate:
One Lover would, by force, my person gain;
Which one as guilty would by force detain.
Rash *Abdelmelech's* Love I cannot prize;
And fond *Abdalla's* passion I despise.
As you are brave, so you are prudent too,
Advise a wretched Woman what to do.

Almanz. Have courage, Fair one; put your trust in me;
You shall at least from those you hate, be free.
Resign your Castle to the King's Command;
And leave your Love-concernments in my hand.

Lynd. The King, like them, is fierce, and faithless too;
How can I trust him, who has injur'd you?
Keep for your self (and you can grant no less)
What you alone are worthy to possess.
Enter, brave Sir; for, when you speak the word,
These Gates will open of their own accord.
The Genius of the place its Lord will meet:
And bend its tow'ry forehead to your feet.
That little Citadel, which now you see,
Shall then, the head of Conquer'd Nations be:
And every Turret, from your coming, rise
The Mother of some great Metropolis.

Almanz.

Almanz. 'Tis pity words which none but Gods should hear;
Should lose their sweetness in a Soldiers Ear :
I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praise :
But your fair Mouth can fair Ideas raise :
I am a wretch to whom it is deny'd
T'accept, with Honour, what I wish with Pride.
And since I fight not for my self, must bring
The fruits of all my Conquests to the King.

Lynd. Say rather to the Queen ; to whose fair Name :
I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.
I hope she is as kind as she is fair :
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their first Loves ; (though she has lov'd before,
And that first innocence is now no more :)
But, in revenge, she gives you all her Heart ;
(For you are much too brave to take a part.)
Though blinded by a Crown she did not see.
Almanzor greater than a King could be,
I hope her Love repairs her ill made choice :
Almanzor cannot be deluded twice.

Almanz. No ; not deluded ; for none count their gains,
Who, like *Almanzor*, frankly give their pains.
Lynd. *Almanzor*, do not cheat your self, nor me ;
Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.
For, since you have desires ; and those not blest,
Your Love's uneasie, and at little rest.

Almanz. 'Tis true ; my own unhappiness I see :
But who, alas, can my Physician be ?
Love, like a lazy Ague I endure,
Which fears the Water ; and abhors the Cure.

Lynd. 'Tis a Consumption, which your life does waste :
Still flatt'ring you with hope till help be past.
But, since of cure from her you now despair ;
You, like consumptive Men, should change your Air.
Love somewhere else, 'tis a hard remedy ;
But yet you owe your self so much, to try.

Almanz. My Love's now grown so much a part of me ;
That Life would, in the Cure, endanger'd be.
At least it like a Limb cut off, would show ;
And better die than like a Cripple go.

Lynd. You must be brought like mad Men to their cure ;
And darkness first, and next new Bonds endure :
Do you dark absence to your self ordain :
And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.

Almanz. Love is that madness which all Lovers have ;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to Rave.

'Tis an Enchantment where the reason's bound :

But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.

A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife,

Where gentle hours delude so much of Life.

To take those Charms away, and set me free,

Is but to send me into misery.

And Prudence, of whose Cure so much you boast,

Restores those Pains, which that sweet Folly lost.

Lynd. I would not, like Philosophers, remove,

But show you a more pleasing shape of Love.

You a sad, sullen, froward, Love did see ;

I'll show him kind, and full of gayety.

In short, *Almanzor*, it shall be my care

To show you Love ; for you but saw Despair.

Almanz. I in the shape of Love Despair did see :

You, in his shape, would show Inconstancy.

Lynd. There's no such thing as Constancy you call :

Faith ties not Hearts ; 'tis Inclination all.

Some Wit deform'd or Beauty much decay'd,

First, constancy in Love, a Vertue made.

From Friendship they that Landmark did remove ;

And, falsely, plac'd it on the bounds of Love.

Let th' effects of change be only try'd :

Court me, in jest ; and call me *Almabide*.

But this is only Counsel I impart ;

For I, perhaps, should not receive your heart.

Almanz. Fair though you are—

As Summer mornings, and your Eyes more bright

Than Stars that twinkle in a winters night ;

Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move

Cold age ; and praying Hermits into Love ;

Though *Almabide* with scorn rewards my care ;

Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.

My Love's my Soul ; and that from Fate is free :

'Tis that unchang'd and deathless part of me.

Lynd. The Fate of Constancy your Love pursue !

Still to be faithful to what's false to you.

[Turns from him, and goes off angrily.

Almanz. Ye Gods, why are not Hearts first pair'd above ;

But some still interfere in others Love !

E're each, for each, by certain marks are known,

You mould 'em off in haste, and drop 'em down.

And while we seek what carelessly you lost,

You sit in State, and make our pains your sport.

[Exeunt on both sides.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Abenamar, and Servants.

Aben. **H**Ast, and conduct the Prisoner to my sight.
 [Exit Servant, and immediately enters with Selin bound.]

Aben. Did you, according to my orders, write? [To Selin.]
 And have you summon'd *Ozmyn* to appear?

Selin. I am not yet so much a slave to fear:
 Nor has your Son deserv'd so ill of me;
 That, by his death or bonds, I would be free.

Aben. Against thy life thou dost the sentence give:
 Behold how short a time thou hast to live.

Selin. Make haste; and draw the Curtain while you may;
 You but shut out the twilight of my day:
 Beneath the burden of my age I bend;
 You, kindly ease me e're my Journeys end.

[To them a Servant, with *Ozmyn*; *Ozmyn* kneels.]

Abenamar to *Selin*.

It is enough: my promise makes you free:
 Resign your bonds; and take your liberty.

Ozmyn. Sir, you are just; and welcome are these bands:
 'Tis all th'inheritance a son demands.

Selin. Your goodness, O my *Ozmyn*, is too great:
 I am not weary of my Fetters yet:
 Already when you move me to resign,
 I feel 'em heavier on your feet than mine.

Another Soldier or Servant.

Sold. A youth attends you in the outter room,
 Who seems in haste, and does from *Ozmyn* come.

Aben. Conduct him in:—

Ozmyn. Sent from *Benzayda* I fear to me.

[To them *Benzayda* in the habit of a man.]

Benz. My *Ozmyn* here!

Ozmyn. ——— *Benzayda*! 'tis she!

Go, youth; I have no business for thee here: [To her.]
 Go to th' *Albaydyn*; and attend me there.
 I'll not be long away; I prithee go;
 By all our Love and friendship.

Benz. ——— *Ozmyn*, no.

I did not take on me this bold disguise,
 For ends so low to cheat your watchmens Eyes. When

When I attempted this ; it was to do
 An Action, to be envy'd ev'n by you :
 But you, alas, have been too diligent,
 And, what I purpos'd, fatally prevent !
 Those Chains, which for my Father I would bear,
 I take with less content, to find you here.
 Except your Father will that mercy show,
 That I may wear 'em both for him and you.

Aben. I thank thee, fortune ; thou hast, in one hour,
 Put all I could have ask'd thee in my pow'r.
 My own lost wealth thou giv'st not only back,
 But driv'st upon my Coast my Pyrat's wrack.

Selin. With *Ozmyn's* kindness I was griev'd before ;
 But yours, *Benzayda*, has undone me more.

Abenamar to Sold.

Go fetch new Fetters, and the Daughter bind.
Ozmyn. Be just, at least, Sir, though you are not kind.
Benzayda is not, as a Pris'ner, brought ;
 But comes to suffer for another's fault.

Aben. Then *Ozmyn*, mark, that justice which I do,
 I, as severely will exact from you.
 The Father is not wholly dead in me :
 Or you may yet revive it, if it be.
 Like Tapers new blown out, the fumes remain
 To catch the light ; and bring it back again,
 — *Benzayda* gave you life, and set you free ;
 For that I will restore her liberty.

Ozmyn. Sir, on my Knees I thank you.

Aben. ————— *Ozmyn* hold

One part of what I purpose is untold :
 Consider, then, it on your part remains,
 When I have broke, not to resume your Chains.
 Like an Indulgent Father, I have pay'd
 All debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.
 Now you are clear, break off your fond design ;
 Renounce *Benzayda* ; and be wholly mine.

Ozmyn. Are these the terms ? is this the liberty ?
 Ah, Sir, how can you so inhumane be ?
 My duty to my life I will prefer ;
 But life and duty must give place to her.

Aben. Consider what you say ; for with one breath,
 You disobey my will ; and give her death.

Ozmyn. Ah, cruel Father, what do you propose !
 Must I, then, kill *Benzayda*, or must lose ?
 I can do neither ; in this wretched state
 The least that I can suffer is your hate :

And yet, that's worse than death: Ev'n while I sue,
And choose your hatred, I could die for you.
Break, quickly, heart; or let my blood be spilt
By my own hand, to save a Fathers guilt.

Benz. Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched life,
To free you from the fear of *Ozmyn's* wife.
I beg but what with ease may granted be;
To spare your Son, and kill your Enemy.
Or, if my death's a grace too great to give;
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyn* live,
Far from your sight and *Ozmyn's* let me go,
And take from him a care, from you a foe.

Ozmyn. How, my *Benzayda*! can you thus resign
That love, which you have vow'd so firmly mine?
Can you leave me for life and liberty?

Benz. What I have done will show that I dare die,
But I'll twice suffer death, and go away,
Rather than make you wretched by my stay;
By this my Fathers freedom will be won;
And to your Father I restore a Son.

Selin. Cease, cease, my Children, your unhappy strife;
Selin will not be ransom'd by your life.

Barbarian, thy old Foe defies thy rage: [To *Aben*.
Turn from their youth thy malice to my Age.

Benz. Forbear, dear Father, for your *Ozmyn's* sake:
Do not, such words to *Ozmyn's* Father speak.

Ozmyn. Alas, 'tis counterfeited rage; he strives
But to divert the danger from our lives.

For, I can witness, Sir, and you might see
How in your person he consider'd me.
He still declin'd the combat where you were;
And you well know it was not out of fear.

Benz. Alas, my Lord, where can your vengeance fall:
Your Justice will not let it reach us all:

Selin and *Ozmyn* both would Sufferers be;
And punishment's a favour done to me,
If we are foes: since you have pow'r to kill,
'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the will.
But are we foes? look round, my Lord, and see;
Point out that face which is your Enemy.

Would you your hand in *Selin's* blood embrue?
Kill him unarm'd, who arm'd, shun'd killing you?

Am I your foe? since you detest my line,
That hated name of *Zegry* I resign:
For you *Benzayda* will her self disclaim:
Call me your daughter, and forget my name.

Selin. This Virtue wou'd ev'n Savages subdue,
And shall it want the power to vanquish you?

Ozmyn. It has; it has: I read it in his eyes;
'Tis now not anger; 'tis but shame denies.
A shame of error; that great Spirits find,
Which keeps down virtue struggling in the mind.

Aben. Yes; I am vanquish'd! the fierce conflicts past:
And shame it self is now o'ercome at last.
'Twas long before my stubborn mind was won;
But, melting once, I on the suddain run.
Nor can I hold my headlong kindness more
Than I could curb my cruel rage before.

[Runs to Benz. and embraces her.

Benzayda, 'twas your Virtue vanquish'd me:
That could alone surmount my cruelty.

[Runs to Selin; and unbinds him.

Forgive me, *Selin*, my neglect of you:
But men, just waking, scarce know what they do.

Ozmyn. O Father!

Benz. ————— Father!

Aben. ————— Dare I own that name!

Speak; speak it often, to remove my shame!

[They all embrace him.

O *Selin*; O my Children, let me go:
I have more kindness than I yet can show.
For my recovery, I must shun your sight:
Eyes, us'd to darkness, cannot bear the light

[He runs in, they following him.

SCENE. *The Albayzyn.*

Almanzor, Abdelmelech, Soldiers.

Almanz. 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis so;
Success shall now by force and courage go.
Treaties are but the combats of the Brain.
Where still the stronger lose and weaker gain.

Abdelm. On this assault, brave Sir, which we prepare,
Depends the sum and fortune of the War.
Encamp'd without the Fort the Spaniards lies;
And may, in spite of us, send in supplies.
Consider yet, e'er we attack the place,
What 'tis to storm it in an Armies face.

Almanz. The minds of Heroes their own measures are,
They stand exempted from the rules of War.

One loose, one Sally of the Heroes Soul,
Does all the Military Art controul.
While tim'rous Wit goes round, or foords the shore ;
He shoots the Gulph and is already o'er.
And, when th' Enthusiastick fit is spent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

[Exeunt.

[An Alarm within.

Enter Almanzor and Abdelmelech with their Souldiers.

Abdelm. They fly, they fly; take breath and charge agen.

Almanz. Make good your entrance and bring up more men:
I fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late,

Abdelm. You drew us from the jaws of certain Fate.

At my approach—

The Gate was open and the Draw-bridge down ;
But when they saw I stood, and came not on,
They charg'd with fury on my little Band ;
Who, much o'er power'd could scarce the shock withstand.

Almanz. Ere night we shall the whole *Albayzyn* gain,
But see the Spaniards march along the Plain

To its relief: you *Abdelmelech* go

And force the rest while I repulse the Foe.

[Exit Almanzor.

*Enter Abdalla, and some few Soldiers, who
seem fearful.*

Abdal. Turn, Cowards, turn ; there is no hope in flight ;
You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.
Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly :
We'er not enough to Conquer but to die.

Abdelm. No, Prince ; that mean advantage I refuse :
'Tis in your pow'r a nobler Fate to chuse.
Since we are Rivals, Honour does command
We should not die but by each others hand.
Retire ; and if it prove my destiny

[To his men.

To fall ; I charge you let the Prince go free.

[The Souldiers depart on both sides.

Abdal. O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew some way
This debt of Honour which I owe, to pay.
But Fate has left this only means for me,
To die ; and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.

Abdel. He who is vanquish'd and is slain is blest :
The wretched Conquerour can ne'er have rest :
But is reserv'd a harder Fate to prove ;
(Bound in the Fetters of dissembled Love.)

Abdal. Now thou art base ; and I deserve her more :
Without complaint I will to death adore.
Darst thou see faults: and yet dost love pretend?
I will even *Lyndaraxa's* Crimes defend.

Abdelm. Maintain her cause, then, better than thy own,
Than thy ill got, and worse defended Throne.

[*They fight, Abdalla falls.*]

Abdelm. Now ask your life.

Abdal. ————— 'Tis gone; that busy thing
The Soul, is packing up; and just on wing.
Like parting swallows, when they seek the Spring.
Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;
And flies to Countries more unknown than those.

Enter Lyndaraxa hastily, sees them, and is going out again.

Abdelmelech stopping her.

No, you shall stay, and see a Sacrifice;
Not offer'd by my Sword but by your Eyes.
From those he first Ambitious poison drew;
And swell'd to empire for the love of you.
Accursed fair!

*Thy Comet-blaze portends a Princess' fate;
And suffering Subjects groan beneath thy weight.*

Abdal. Cease Rival, cease!

I would have forc'd you; but it would not be:

I beg you now, upbraid her not for me.

You fairest, to my memory be kind:

Lovers like me, your sex will seldom find.

When I usurp'd a Crown for love of you,

I, then, did more than dying now I do.

I'm still the same as when my Love begun:

And could I now this fate foresee or shun;

Would yet do all I have already done.

[*To Lynd.*]

[*Dies.*]

[*She puts her handkerchief to her Eyes.*]

Abdelm. Weep on, weep on; for it becomes you now:

These tears you to that love may well allow.

His unrepenting Soul, if it could move

Upward, in Crimes, flew spotted with your love;

And brought Contagion to the blest above.

Lynd. He's gone, and peace go with a constant mind:

His love deserv'd I should have been more kind.

But then your love and greater worth I knew.

I was unjust to him, but just to you.

Abdelm. I was his Enemy and Rival too;

Yet I some tears to his misfortunes owe:

You owe him more; weep then; and joyn with me:

So much is due ev'n to humanity.

Lynd. Weep for this wretch, whose memory I hate!

Whose folly made us both unfortunate!

Weep

Weep for this Fool, who did my laughter move;
This whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love!

Abdel. Had Fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me,
I then had been that heavy Fool, not he;
Just this had been my Fun'ral Elegy.
Thy arts and falshood I before did know;
But this last baseness was conceal'd till now.
And 'twas no more than needful to be known;
I could be cur'd by such an act alone.
My love, half-blasted, yet in time would shoot,
But this last tempest rends it to the root.

Lynd. These little piques, which now your anger move,
Will vanish; and are only signs of Love.
You've been too fierce; and, at some other time,
I should not with such ease forgive your Crime.
But, in a day of publick joy, like this,
I pardon, and forget what e'er's amiss.

Abdelm. These Arts have oft prevail'd but must no more:
The spell is ended; and the Enchantment o'er.
You have at last destroy'd, with much ado;
That love, which none could have destroy'd, but you.
My Love was blind to your deluding art;
But Blind men feel, when stabb'd so near the heart.

Lynd. I must confess there was some pity due:
But I conceal'd it out of Love to you.

Abdelm. No, *Lyndaraxa*; 'tis at last too late:
Our loves have mingled with too much of Fate.
I would; but cannot now my self deceive!
O that you still could cheat, and I believe!

Lynd. Do not so light a quarrel long pursue:
You grieve your Rival was less lov'd than you.
'Tis hard, when men of kindness, must complain!

Abdelm. I'm now awake, and cannot dream again.

Lynd. Yet hear——

Abdelm. ——— No more; nothing my heart can bend:
That Queen you scorn'd you shall this night attend:
Your life the King has pardon'd for my sake;
But, on your Pride, I some revenge must take.
See now th'effects of what your Arts design'd:
Thank your inconstant, and ambitious mind.
'Tis just that she who to no Love is true,
Should be forsaken, and condemn'd, like you.

Lynd. All Arts of injur'd Women I will try:
First I will reveng'd; and then I'll die.
But like some falling Tow'r——

Whose seeming firmness does the sight beguile,
So hold I up my nodding head a while;
Till they come under, and reserve my fall;
That with my ruins I may reach 'em all.

Abdelm. Conduct her hence— [Exit Lyndaraxa guarded.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. *Almanzor* is Victorious without fight;
The Foes retreated when he came in sight.
Under the Walls, this night, his men are drawn;
And mean to seek the Spaniard with the dawn.

Abdelm. The Sun's declin'd:

Command the Watch be set without delay;
And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* stay:
I'll haste to Court, where Solitude I'll fly; [Aside.
And herd, like wounded Deer, in company.
But oh, how hard is passion to remove,
When I must shun my self to 'scape from love! [Exit.

SCENE. *The Alhambra, or a Gallery.*

Zulema, Hamet.

Hamet. I thought your passion for the Queen was dead:
Or that your love had, with your hopes, been fled.

Zulema. 'Twas like a fire within a furnace pent:
I smother'd it, and kept it long from vent.
But (fed with looks; and blown with sighs so fast)
It broke a passage through my lips, at last.

Hamet. Where found you confidence your suit to move?
Our broken fortunes are not fit to love:
Well; you declar'd your love: — what follow'd then?

Zulema. She look'd as judges do on guilty men:
When big with fate they triumph in their doomes,
And smile before the deadly sentence comes.
Silent I stood as I were thunder-struck;

Condem'd and executed with a look.
Hamet. You must, with haste, some remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you must break through the share.

Zulema. She said she would my folly yet conceal,
But vow'd my next attempt she would reveal.

Hamet. 'Tis dark; and, in this lonely Gallery,
(Remote from noise, and shunning every eye)
One hour each Evening the in private mourns,
And prays, and to the Circle then returns.
Now, if you dare attempt her passing by.

Zulema. These lighted Tapers show the time is nigh.

Perhaps

Perhaps my Courtship will not be in vain;
At least few Women will of force complain.

*At the other end of the Gallery, enter Almanzor and Esperanza
Hamet, Almanzor, and with him*

The favourite Slave of the Sultana Queen:

Zulema. E'er they approach, let us retire unseen.
And watcht our time when they return again:
Then force shall give, if favour does deny;
And that once done we'll to the Spaniards fly. [Exeunt.
Almanz. Now stand; th' Apartment of the Queen is near,
And, from this place your voice will reach her ear.
[Esperanza goes out.

SONG, in two Parts.

He.

HOW unhappy a Lover am I
While I sigh for my Phillis in vain;
All my hopes of Delight
Are another man's Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain.

2.

She.

Since her Honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your Fate,
(In a hopeless estate,
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

3.

He.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without my desire
Has no Food to its Fire;
But it burns and consumes me within.

4.

She.

Yet at least 'tis a Pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore
Is as wretch'd and more,
And accounts all your Sufferings her own.

5.

He.

O ye Gods, let me suffer for both;
At the Feet of my Phillis I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I die.

6. She.

She. What her Honour deny'd you in Life
 In her Death she will give to your Love.
 Such a Flame as is true
 After Fate will renew,
 For the Soule to meet closer above.

Enter Esperanza again after the Song.

Almanz. Accept this Diamond, till I can present
 Something more worth my acknowledgment.
 And now, farewell; I will attend, alone,
 Her coming forth; and make my suff'rings known.

Solus.

[*Exit Esperanza.*

A hollow wind comes whistling throw that door;
 And a cold shiv'ring seizes me all over
 My Teeth, too, chatter with a suddain fright:
 These are the raptures of too fierce delight!
 The combat of the Tyrants hope and fear;
 Which hearts, for want of field-room, cannot bear.
 I grow impatient, this, or that's the room:
 I'll meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

[*He goes to the door; the Ghost of his
 Mother meets him: he starts back;
 the Ghost stands in the door.*

Almanz. Well may'st thou make thy boast, what e'er thou art;
 Thou art the first e'er made *Almanzor* start.

My Legs——
 Shall bear me to thee in their own despight:
 I'll rush into the Covert of thy Night,
 And pull thee backward by the shroud, to light.
 Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there:
 And make thee groan thy self away to Air.
 So, art thou gone! thou canst no conquest boast:
 I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost. —
 — The grudging of my Ague yet remains:
 My blood, like Icicles, hangs in my veins,
 And does not drop: be master of that door,
 We two, will not disturb each other more.
 I err'd a little, but extreams may joyn;
 That door was Hell's; and this is Heav'n's and mine.

[*The Ghost retires.*

[*Goes to the other door, and is met again by the Ghost.*

Again! by Heav'n I do conjure thee, speak.
 What art thou, Spirit, and what dost thou seek?

[*The Ghost comes on softly after the Conjurat'ion:
 and Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.*

Ghost. I am the Ghost of her who gave thee birth :
 The Airy shadow of her mouldring Earth.
 Love of thy Father, me through Seas did guide;
 On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I di'd.
 I di'd ; and for my winding-sheet a Wave
 I had ; and all the Ocean for my Grave.
 But, when my Soul to bliss did upward move,
 I wander'd round the Christal Walls above.
 But found the eternal fence so steeply high,
 That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,
 I flagg'd, and flutter'd down; and could not fly.
 Then, from the Battlements of th'Heavenly Tower,
 A Watchman Angel bid me wait this hour;
 And told me I had yet a task assign'd,
 To warn that little pledge I left behind;
 And to divert him, e'er it were too late,
 From Crimes unknown, and errors of his Fate.

Almanzor bowing.

Speak, Holy Shade; thou Parent form, I speak on :
 Instruct thy mortal Elemented Son ;
 (For here I wander to my self unknown.)
 But O, thou better part of Heavenly Air,
 Teach me, kind Spirit, (since I am still thy care.)
 My Parents names !

If I have yet a Father, let me know
 To whose old age my humble youth must bow;
 And pay its duty, if he mortal be,
 Or Adoration, if a mind like thee.

Ghost. Then, what I may, I'll tell——
 From ancient blood, thy Father's Linage springs,
 Thy Mother's thou deriv'st from stemms of Kings.
 A Christian born, and born again that day,
 When sacred Water wash'd thy sins away.
 Yet bred in errors thou dost mis-employ
 That strength Heav'n gave thee, and its flock destroy.

Almanz. By Reason, Man a Godhead may discern :
 But, how he would be worship't, cannot learn.

Ghost. Heaven does not now thy ignorance reprove,
 But warns thee from known Crimes of lawless love.
 That Crime thou know'st, and knowing, does not shun,
 Shall an unknown, and greater Crime pull on :
 But, if thus warn'd, thou leav'st this cursed place,
 Then shalt thou know the Author of thy Race.
 Once more I'll see thee : when my charge is done ;
 Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon

Is my abode, where Heaven and Nature smile,
 And strew with flowers the secret bed of Nyle.
 I left Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright,
 And, in the shades of Heaven, prepar'd for light. (Exit Ghost.)

Almanz. O Heaven, how dark a Riddle's thy decree,
 Which bounds our Wills, yet seems to leave 'em free !
 Since thy fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
 Our choice must be what thou didst first ordain :
 Thus, like a Captive in an Isle confin'd,
 Man walks at large, a Pris'ner of the mind :
 Wills all his Crimes, while Heaven th'Indictment draws ;
 And, pleading guilty, justifies the Laws. ———
 Let Fate be Fate ; the Lover and the brave
 Are rank'd, at least, above the vulgar Slave.
 Love makes me willing to my death to run ;
 And courage scorns the death it cannot shun.

Enter Almahide with a Taper.

Almah. My light will sure discover those who talk ; ———
 Who dares to interrupt my private walk ?

Almanz. He who dares love, and for that love must die.
 And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I

Almah. That love which you can hope, and I can pay
 May be receiv'd and given in open day ;
 My praise and my esteem you had before :
 And you have bound your self to ask no more.

Almanz. Yes, I have bound my self, but will you take
 The forfeit of that bond which force did make ?

Almah. You know you are from recompence debarr'd,
 But purest Love, can live without reward.

Almanz. Pure love had need be to it self a feast
 For, like pure Elements, 'twill nourish least.

Almah. It therefore yields the only pure content ;
 For it, like Angels, needs no nourishment.
 To eat and drink, can no perfection be ;
 All Appetite implies necessity.

Almanz. 'Twere well, if I could like a Spirit live :
 But do not Angels food to Mortals give ———
 What if some Demon should my death foreshow,
 Or bid me change, and to the Christians go,
 Will you not think I merit some reward,
 When I my love above my life regard ?

Almah. In such a case your change must be allow'd ;
 I would, my self, dispence with what you vow'd.

Almanz. Were I to die that hour when I possess ;
 This minute shall begin my happiness.

Almah. The thoughts of death your passion would remove,
 Death is a cold encouragement to love. *Almanz.*

Almanz. No ; from my joys I to my death would run ;
And think the business of my life well done.
But I should walk a discontented Ghost,
If flesh and blood were to no purpose lost.

Almah. You love me not, *Almanzor* ; if you did,
You would not ask what honour must forbid.

Almanz. And what is Honour, but a love well hid ?

Almah. Yes, 'tis the Conscience of an Act well done.
Which gives us pow'r our own desire to shun.
The strong, and secret curb of headlong Will ;
The self reward of good ; and shame of ill.

Almanz. These, Madam, are the Maxims of the Day ;
When Honour's present, and when Love's away.

The duty of poor Honour were too hard,
In Arms all day, at night to mount the Guard.
Let him in pity, now, to rest retire ;
Let these soft hours be watch'd by warm desire.

Almah. Guards, who all day on painful duty keep,
In dangers are not priviledg'd to sleep.

Almanz. And with what dangers are you threatn'd here ?
Am I, alas, a Foe for you to fear ?

See, Madam, at your feet this Enemy :
Without your pity and your love I die.

(Kneels.

Almah. Rise, rise ; and do not empty hopes pursue :
Yet think, that I deny my self not you.

Almanz. A happiness so high, I cannot bear :
My loves too fierce ; and you too killing fair.
I grow enrag'd to see such excellence :

If words so much disorder'd, give offence,
My love's too full of zeal to think of sense.
Be you like me ; dull reason hence remove ;
And tedious forms ; and give a loose to love.
Love eagerly ; let us be Gods to night ;
And do not, with half yielding, dash delight.

Almah. Thou strong Seducer, Opportunity !
Of Womankind, half are undone by thee !
Though I resolve I will not be misled,
I wish I had not heard what you had said !
I cannot be so wicked to comply ;
And, yet, am most unhappy to deny !

A way.

Almanz. ——— I will not move me from this place :
I can take no denial from that Face !

Almah. If I could yield ; (but think not that I will :)
You and my self, I in revenge should kill.

For I should hate us both, when it were done:
And would not to the shame of life be won.

Almanz. Live but to night, and trust to morrow's mind:
Ere that can come, there's a whole life behind.
Methinks already crown'd with joys I lie;
Speechless and breathless in an extasie.
Not absent in one thought: I am all there:
Still clos'd; yet wishing still to be more near.

Almah. Deny your own desires; for it will be
Too little now to be deni'd by me.
Will he, who does all great, all noble seem,
Be lost and forfeit to his own esteem?
Will he, who may with Heroes claim a place,
Belie that fame, and to himself be base?
Think how August and God-like you did look,
When my defence, unbrib'd you undertook.
But, when an act so brave you disavow,
How little, and how mercenary now!

Almanz. Are, then, my Services no higher priz'd?
And can I fall so low to be despis'd?

Almah. Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low,
And you your self, who sell your self, are so.
Remember the great Act you did this day:
How did your love to Virtue then give way?
When you gave freedom to my Captive Lord;
That Rival, who possess'd what you ador'd.
Of such a deed what price can there be made?
Think well: is that an action to be paid?
It was a Miracle of Vertue shown:

And wonders are with wonder paid alone.
And would you all that secret joy of mind
Which great Souls only in great actions find,
All that, for one tumultuous Minute loose?

Almanz. I wou'd that Minute before ages choofe.
Praise is the pay of Heaven for doing good;
But Love's the best return for flesh and blood.

Almah. You've mov'd my heart, so much, I can deny
No more; but know, *Almanzor*, I can die,
Thus far my Virtue yields; if I have shown
More Love, than what I ought, let this atone.

(*Going to stab her self.*)

Almanz. Hold, hold!
Such fatal proofs of love you shall not give:
Deny me; hate me; (both are just) but live!
Your Virtue I will ne'er disturb again;
Nor dare to ask, for fear I should obtain.

Almah.

Almah. 'Tis generous to have conquer'd your desire;
 You mount above your wish; and loose it higher.
 There's pride in Virtue; and a kindly heat:
 Not feverish, like your love; but full as great.
 Farewell; and may our loves hereafter be,
 But Image-like, to heighten piety.

Almanz. 'Tis time I should be gone!
 Alas I am but half converted yet:
 All I resolve, I with one look, forget.
 And like a Lyon whom no Arts can tame;
 Shall tear, ev'n those, who would my rage reclaim.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

*Zulema and Hamet watch Althanzor: and
 when he is gone, go in after the Queen.*

Enter Abdelmelech and Lyndaraxa.

Lynd. It is enough; you've brought me to this place:
 Here stop: and urge no farther my disgrace.
 Kill me: in death your mercy will be seen,
 But make me not a Captive to the Queen.

Abdelm. 'Tis therefore I this punishment provide:
 This only can revenge me on your pride.
 Prepare to suffer what you shun in vain;
 And know, you are now to obey, not reign.

*Enter Almahide; shrieking; her hair loose; she
 runs over the Stage.*

Almah. Help, help, O Heaven, some help!

Enter Zulema and Hamet.

Zulema. ——— Make hast before,
 And intercept her passage to the door.

Abdelm. Villains, what Act are you attempting here!

Almah. I thank thee, Heaven; some succour does appear.

(*As Abdelmelech is going to help the Queen;*

Lyndaraxa pulls out his Sword, and holds it.

Abdelm. With what ill fate, my good design is curst!

Zulema. We have no time to think: dispatch him first.

Abdelm. O for a Sword!

(*They make at Abdelmelech; he goes off at one
 door, while the Queen escapes at the other.*)

Zulema. Ruin'd!

Hamet. ——— Undone!

Lynd. And which is worst of all,
 He escap'd.

Zulema. ——— I hear 'em loudly call.

Lynd. Your fear will loose you: call as loud as they,
 I have not time to teach you what to say.

The Court, will in a moment, all be here,
But second what I say, and do not fear.
Call help; run that way; leave the rest to me:

(Zulema and Hamet retire,
and within cry help.

Enter at several doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin, Ozmyn,
Almanzor, with Guards attending Boabdelin.

Boab. What can the cause of all this tumult be?

And what the meaning of that naked Sword?

Lynd. I'll tell, when fear will so much breath afford.

The Queen and *Abdelmelech*. — 'Twill not out —
Ev'n I, who saw it, of the truth yet doubt,
It seems so strange.

Almanz. — Did she not name the Queen!
Haste; speak.

Lynd. — How dare I speak what I have seen!
With *Hamet*, and with *Zulema* I went
To pay both theirs, and my acknowledgement
To *Almahide*; and by her Mouth implore
Your Clemency, our fortunes to restore.
We chose this hour, which we believ'd most free,
When she retir'd from noise and company.
The Antichamber past, we gently knockt.
(Unheard it seems) but found the Lodgings lockt.
In duteous silence while we waited there,
We, first a noise, and then long whispers hear.
Yet thought it was the Queen at Pray'rs alone,
Till she distinctly said, — if this were known
My Love, what shame, what danger would ensue!
Yet I (and sigh'd) could venture more for you!

Boab. O Heaven, what do I hear, (*Almanzor*) let her go on.

Lynd. And how, (then murmur'd in a bigger tone,
Another voice) and how should it be known?
This hour is from your Court Attendants free;
The King suspects *Almanzor*; but not me. (Zulema, at the door.
I find her drift; *Hamet* be Confident;
Second her words; and fear not the event.

Zulema and Hamet enter. The King embraces them.

Boab, Welcome, my only Friends, behold in me,
O Kings, behold th'effects of Clemency!
See here the gratitude of pardon'd Foes!
That life I gave 'em, they for me expose!

Hamet. Though *Abdelmelech* was our Friend before,
When Duty call'd us he was so no more.

Almanz. Damn your delay, you Torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word, but *Almahide*.

Boab.

Boab. When you, within, the Traitors voice did hear,
What did you then?

Zulema. ——— I durst not trust my Ear.
But, peeping through the Key-hole, I espy'd
The Queen; and *Abdelmelech* by her side:
She on the Couch, he on her bosom lay,
Her hand about his Neck, his Head did stay,
And, from his Forehead wip'd the drops away.

Boab. Go on, go on, my friends, to clear my doubt,
I hope I shall have life to hear you out.

Zulema. What had been, Sir, you may suspect too well;
What follow'd, Modesty forbids to tell;
Seeing, what we had thought beyond belief,
Our hearts so swell'd with anger and with grief,
That, by plain force, we strove the door to break;
He, fearful, and with guilt, or Love, grown weak,
Just as we enter'd, scap'd the other way:
Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him stay.

Lynd. His Sword, in so much haste he could not mind:
But left this witness of his Crime behind.

Boab. O proud, ingrateful, faithless Womankind!
How chang'd, and what a Monster am I made:
My Love, my Honour, ruin'd and betray'd!

Almanz. Your Love and Honour! mine are ruin'd worse:
Furies and Hell what right have you to curse!
Dull Husband as you are, ———

What can your Love, or what your Honour be!
I am her Lover, and she's false to me.

Boab. Go, when the Authors of my shame are found,
Let 'em be taken instantly, and bound:
They shall be punish'd as our Laws require:

'Tis just, that flames should be condemn'd to fire.
This, with the dawn of Morning shall be done.

Aben. You hast too much her Execution.
Her Condemnation ought to be deferr'd:
With Justice, none can be condemn'd unheard.

Boab. A formal Process tedious is, and long:
Besides, the evidence is full and strong.

Lynd. The Law demands two witnesses; and she
Is cast (for which Heaven knows I grieve) by three.

Ozm. Hold, Sir, since you so far insist on Law;
We can, from thence, one just advantage draw:
That Law, which dooms Adultresses to die,
Gives Champions, too, to slander'd Chastity.

Almanz. And how dare you, who from my bounty live,
Intrench upon my Love's Perogative.

Your courage in your own concerns try ;
 Brothers are things remote while I am by.

Ozm. I knew not you thus far her cause would own ;
 And must not suffer you to fight alone :
 Let two to two in equal combat joyn ;
 You vindicate her Person, I her Line.

Lynd. Of all Mankind *Almanzor* has least right
 In her defence, who wrong'd his Love, to fight.

Almanz. 'Tis false; she is not ill, nor can she be;
 She must be Chaste, because she's lov'd by me.

Zulema. Dare you? what Sense and Reason prove, deny?

Almanz. When she's in question. Sense and Reason lye.

Zulema. For Truth, and for my injur'd Sovereign,
 What I have said, I will to death maintain.

Ozm. So foul a falshood, who e'er justifies
 Is basely born ; and, like a Villain, lies.
 In witness of that Truth, be this my Gage.

(Takes a Ring from his finger.)

Hamet. I take it ; and despise a Traytor's rage.

Boab. The Combat's yours ; a Guard the lists surround ;
 Then raise a Scaffold in the incompact ground ;
 And, by it, piles of Wood ; in whose just fire,
 Her Champions slain, the Adulterers shall expire.

Aben. We ask no favour, but what Arms will yield :

Boab. Choose then two equal Judges of the Field,
 Next morning shall decide the doubtful strife.
 Condemn the unchaste, or quit the Virtuous Wife.

Almanz. But I am both ways curst. ———

For *Almabide* must die, if I am slain ;
 Or, for my Rival, I the Conquest gain.

(Exit)

A C T V.

Almanzor Solus.

I Have out-fac'd my self ; and justify'd
 What I knew false to all the World, beside,
 She was as faithless as her Sex could be :
 And now I am alone, she's so to me.
 She's slain ! and now where shall we virtue find,
 She was the last that stood of Womankind :
 Could she so holily my flames remove ;
 And fall that hour to *Abdelmelech's* Love ?
 Yet her protection I must undertake ;
 Not now for Love, but for my Honours sake.

That

(III)

That mov'd me first, and must oblige me still,
My cause is good, however hers be ill ;
I'll leave her, when she's freed ; and let it be
Her punishment, she could be false to me.

To him, Abdelmelech, guarded.

Abdelm. Heav'n is not Heav'n ; nor is there Deities.
There is some New Rebellion in the Skies.
All that was good and holy, is dethron'd.
And Lust, and Rapine are for Justice own'd.

Almanz. 'Tis true ; what Justice in that Heav'n can be
Which thus affronts me with the sight of thee !
Why must I be from just revenge debarr'd !
Chains are thy Arms, and Prisons are thy Guard :
The Death thou dy'st may to a Husband be
A satisfaction ; but 'tis none to me,
My Love would Justice to it self afford ;
But now thou creep'st to Death, below my Sword.

Abdelm. This threatening would show better, were I free,

Almanz. No, wer't thou freed, I would not threaten thee.
This arm should then.——But now it is too late !
I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.

As some huge rock

Rent from its quarry, does the Waves divide,
So I,——

Would sowze upon thy Guards, and dash 'em wide :
Then, to my rage left naked and alone,
Thy too much freedom thou should'st soon bemoan :
Dar'd, like a Lark, that on the open plain
Pursu'd and cuff'd seeks shelter now in vain :
So on the ground woul'st thou expecting lie,
Not daring to afford me Victory.

But yet thy Fate's not ripe ; it is decreed
Before thou dy'st that *Almabide* be freed.
My honour first her danger shall remove,
And then, revenge on thee my injur'd Love.

[Exeunt severally.]

The Scene changes to the Vivarambla ; and appears fill'd with

Spectators : A scaffold hung with black, &c.

Enter the Queen, guarded, with Esperanza.

Almah. See how the gazing people crowd the place :
All gaping to be fill'd with my disgrace.

[A shout within.]

That shout, like the hoarse peals of Vultures rings,
When, over fighting fields, they beat their wings.
Let never woman trust in innocence.
Or think her Chastity its own defence ;

Mine has betray'd me to this publick shame :
And Virtue, which I serv'd, is but a Name.

Esper. Leave then that shadow, and for succour fly
To him, we serve, the Christians Deity.
Virtue's no God, nor has she power Divine :
But he protects it who did first enjoyn.
Trust then, in him, and from his Grace, implore
Faith to believe what rightly we adore.

Almah. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive :
My infancy was taught what I believe.
But if thy Christians truly worship thee,
Let me thy Godhead in thy succour see :
So shall thy Justice in my safety shine,
And all my days, which thou shalt add, be thine.

Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda : then Abdelmelech guarded. And after him, Selin and Alabez, as Judges of the field.

Boab. You Judges of the Field, first take your place :
The Accusers and Accus'd bring face to face.
Set Guards, and let the Lists be open'd wide,
And may just Heav'n assist the juster side.

Almah. What, not one tender look, one passing word ;
Farewel, my much unkind, but still lov'd Lord !
Your Throne was for my humble fate too high,
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I should dye.
My story be forgot when I am dead ;
Lest it should fright some other from your Bed :
And, to forget me, may you soon adore
Some happier Maid (yet none could love you more.)
But may you never think me innocent ;
Lest it should cause you trouble to repent.

Boabd. 'Tis pity so much beauty should not live ;
Yet I too much am injur'd to forgive. *[Aside. Goes to his seat.]*

Trumpets : Then enter two Moors bearing two naked Swords before the Accusers Zulema and Hamet, who follow them. The Judges seat themselves ; the Queen and Abdelmelech, are led to the Scaffold.

Alabez. Say for what end you thus in Arms appear :
What are your Names, and what demand you here ?

Zulema. The Zegry's ancient Race our Linage claims ;
And Zulema and Hamet are our Names.
Like Loyal Subjects in these Lists we stand,
And Justice in our King's behalf demand.

Hamet. For whom, in witness of what both have seen,
Bound by our duty, we appeach the Queen
And Abdelmelech, of Adultery.

Almah. Which, like true Knights, we will maintain or die.

Alabez.

Alabez. Swear on the *Alcoran* your cause is right ;
 And *Mahomet* so prosper you in fight. *(They touch their Fore-
 heads with the Alcoran, and bow.*

*Trumpets on the other side of the Stage ; two Moors as before, with
 bare Swords before Almanzor and Ozmyn.*

Selin. Say for what end you thus in Arms appear :
 What are your Names, and what demand you here ?

Almanz. *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my name ;
 We come as Champions of the Queens fair fame.

Ozmyn. To prove these *Zegry's* like false Traytors, lye ;
 Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.

Selin to Almahide.

Madam, do you for Champions take these two ;
 By their success to live or die ?

Almah. ————— I do.

Selin. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right ;
 And *Mahomet* so prosper you in fight. *(They kiss the Alcoran*

*Ozmyn and Benzayda embrace, and take leave in dumb show ;
 while Lyndaraxa speaks to her Brothers.*

Lynd. If you o'rcome, let neither of them live ;
 But use with care the advantages I give :
 One of their Swords in fight shall useless be ;
 The bearer of it is suborn'd by me. *(She and Benzayda retire.*

Alabez. Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance,
 And each of you assist his fellows chance.

Selin. The Wind and Sun we equally divide ;
 So, let th' event of Arms the truth decide.
 The chances of the fight, and every wound,
 The Trumpets, on the Victors part, resound.

*The Trumpets sound ; Almanzor and Zulema meet and fight ;
 Ozmyn and Hamet : after some passes, the Sword of Oz-
 myn breaks ; he retires defending himself, and is wound-
 ed : the Zegry's Trumpets sound their advantage : Al-
 manzor, in the mean time, drives Zulema to the farther
 end of the Stage ; till, hearing the Trumpets of the adverse
 Party, he looks back and sees Ozmyn's misfortune ; he
 makes at Zulema just as Ozmyn falls, in retiring, and Ha-
 met thrusting at him.*

Hamet to Ozmyn thrusting.
 Our difference now shall soon determin'd be.

Almanz. Hold, Traytor, and defend thy self from me.

Hamet leaves Ozmyn (*who cannot rise,*) and both he and Zulema fall on Almanzor, and press him: he retires, and Hamet, advancing first, is run through the body and falls. The Queens Trumpets sound. Almanzor pursues Zulema.

Lynd. I must make hast some remedy to find:—

Treason, Almanzor, Treason; look behind.

Almanzor looks behind him to see who calls, and Zulema takes the advantage and wounds him; the Zegry's Trumpets sound: Almanzor turns upon Zulema and wounds him: he falls. The Queens Trumpets sound,

Almanz. Now triumph in thy Sisterstreachery. [*Stabbing him.*

Zulema. Hold, hold; I have enough to make me die.

But, that I may in peace resign my breath,
I must confess my crime before my death.
Mine is the guilt; the Queen is innocent;
I lov'd her; and, to compass my intent,
Us'd force, which Abdelmelech did prevent.
The lye my Sister forg'd: But, O my Fate
Comes on too soon, and I repent too late.
Fair Queen, forgive; and let my penitence
Expiate some part of ———

[Dies.]

Almah. ——— Ev'n thy whole offence!

Almanzor to the Judges.

If ought remains in the Sultrana's cause,
I here am ready to fulfil the Laws.

Selin. The Law is fully satisfi'd; and we
Pronounce the Queen and Abdelmelech free.

Abdelm. Heav'n thou art just!

The Judges rise from their seats, and go before Almanzor, to the Queens scaffold: he unbinds the Queen and Abdelmelech; they all go off, the people shouting, and the Trumpets sounding the while.

Boab. Before we pay our thanks, or show our joy;

Let us our needful charity employ.

Some skilful Surgeon speedily be found,

T' apply fit remedies to Ozmyn's wound.

Benzayda running to Ozmyn.

That be my charge; my Linnen I will tear:

Wash it with tears, and bind it with my hair.

Ozmyn. With how much pleasure I my pains endure!
And blest the wound which causes such a cure.

[Exit Ozmyn, led by Benzayda
and Abenamar.]

Boab. Some, from the place of Combat bear the slain:

Next Lyndaraxa's death I should ordain:

But let her who this mischief did contrive,

For ever banish'd from Granada live.

Lynd.

Lynd. Thou should'st have punish'd more, or not at all:

By her thou hast not ruin'd, thou shalt fall.

[*Aside.*]

The *Zegry's* shall revenge their branded Line:

Betray their gate and with the Christians joyn.

[*Exit Lyndaraxa with Alabez; the Bodies of her Brothers are born after her.*]

Almanzor, Almahide, Esperanza re-enter to the King.

Almah. The thanks thus paid, which first to Heav'n were due,

My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you:

Somewhat there is, of more concernment, too,

Which 'tis not fit you should, in publick, know.

First let your wounds be dress'd with speedy care;

And then you shall th' important secret share.

Almanz. When e'er you speak,

Were my wounds mortal they should still bleed on;

And I would listen till my life were gone:

My Soul, should, ev'n for your last accent, stay;

And then shout out, and with such speed obey;

It should not bait at Heav'n to stop its way.

[*Exit Almanzor.*]

Boab. 'Tis true, *Almanzor* did her honour save;

[*Aside.*]

But yet what private business can they have!

Such freedom, Virtue will not sure allow;

I cannot clear my heart; but must my brow:

He approaches Almahide.

Welcome again my Virtuous, Loyal Wife;

Welcome, to Love, to Honour, and to Life.—

[*Goes to salute her, she starts back.*]

You seem———

As if you from a loath'd embrace did go!

Almah. Then briefly will I speak, (since you must know

What to the World my future Acts will show:)

But hear me first, and then my reasons weigh:

'Tis known how duty led me to obey

My Fathers choice; and how I since did live,

You, Sir, can best your testimony give.

How to your aid I have *Almanzor* brought,

When by rebellious Crowds your life was sought,

Then, how I bore your causeless Jealousie,

(For I must speak;) and after set you free,

When you were Pris'ner in the chance of War;

These, sure, are proofs of Love. ———

Boab. ——— I grant they are.

Almah. And could you, then, O cruelly unkind,

So ill reward such tenderness of mind!

Could you, denying what our Laws afford

The meanest Subject, on a Traytors word,

Unheard

Unheard, condemn, and suffer me to go
To death, and yet no common pity show !

Boab. Love fill'd my heart ev'n to the brim before ;
And then, with too much jealousy, boil'd o'er,

Almah. Be't Love or jealousy, tis such a Crime,
That I'm forewarn'd to trust a second time.
Know then, my Prayers to them shall never cease
To Crown your Arms with War ; your Wars with Peace :
But, from this day, I will not know your Bed.
Though *Almahide* still lives, your wife is dead :
And, with her, dies a Love so pure and true,
It could be kill'd by nothing but by you.

[Exit *Almahide*.

Boab. Yes, you will spend your life, in Pray'rs for me ;
And yet this hour my hated Rival see.
She might a Husbands Jealousie forgive ;
But she will only for *Almanzor* live.

It is resolv'd, I will, my self, provide
That vengeance, which my useless laws deny'd :
And, by *Almanzor's* death, at once, remove
The Rival of my Empire, and my love. [Exit *Boabdelin*.

Enter Almahide, led by Almanzor, and follow'd by Esperanza ;

She speaks entring.

Almah. How much, *Almanzor*, to your aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I blush to know.
Yet forc'd by need, e'er I can clear that score,
I, like ill debtors, come to borrow more.

Almanz. Your new commands I on my knees attend :
I was created for no other end.

Born to be yours, I do by nature, serve,
And, like the lab'ring Beast, no thanks deserve.

Almah. Yet first your Virtue to your succour call,
For, in this hard command, you'll need it all.

Almanz. I stand prepar'd ; and whatsoe'er it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.

Almah. Then know, I from your Love must yet implore
One proof : — that you would never see me more.

Almanzor starting back..

I must confess,
For this last stroke I did no Guard provide ;
I could suspect no Foe was near that side :
From Winds and thickning Clouds we thunder fear :
None dread it from that quarter which is clear.
And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art
To shew
You knew where deepest you could wound my heart..

Almah.

Almah. So much respect is to your passion due,
That sure I could not practise Arts on you.
But, that you may not doubt what I have said,
This hour I have renounc'd my husbands bed :
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,
If, leaving him, I should a Lover see !

Almanz. If his unkindness have deserv'd that Curse,
Must I for loving well be punish'd worse ?

Almah. Neither your Love nor merits I compare ;
But my unspotted Name must be my care.

Almanz. I have this day establish'd its renown.

Almah. Would you so soon, what you have rais'd throw down ?

Almanz. But, Madam, is not yours a greater guilt
To ruine him who has that Fabrick built ?

Almah. No Lover should his mistress Pray'rs withstand :
Yet you condemn my absolute command.

Almanz. 'Tis not contempt,
When your Command is issu'd out too late :
'Tis past my pow'r ; and all beyond is fate.
I scarce could leave you when to exile sent,
Much less when now recall'd from banishment :
For if that heat your glances cast were strong ;
Your Eyes like glasses, Fire, when held so long,

Almah. Then, since you needs will all my weakness know ;
I love you ; and so well, that you must go :
I am so much oblig'd ; and have withal,
A heart so boundless and so prodigal,
I dare not trust my self or you, to stay,
But like Frank gamesters, must forswear the Play.

Almanz. Fate thou art kind to strike so hard a blow ;
I am quite stun'd ; and past all feeling now.
Yet—can you tell me yon have pow'r and will
To save my life, and, at that instant, kill !

Almah. This, had you stay'd, you never must have known :
But now you go, I may with honour own.

Almanz. But, Madam, I am forc'd to disobey :
In your defence, my honour bids me stay.
I promis'd to secure your life and Throne ;
And Heav'n be thank'd, that work is yet undone.

Almah. I here make void that promise which you made ;
For now I have no farther need of aid :
That vow which to my plighted Lord was given,
I must not break ; but may transfer to Heav'n :
I will with Vestals live :
There needs no guard at a Religious door ;
Few will disturb the praying and the poor.

Almanz. Let me but near that happy temple stay,
 And, through the Grates, peep on you once a day.
 To famish'd hope I would no banquet give :
 I cannot starve, and wish but just to live.
 Thus, as a drowning man.
 Sinks often, and does still more faintly rise ;
 With his last hold catching what e'er he spies,
 So, fain from those proud hopes I had before,
 Your Aid I for a dying wretch implore.

Almah. I cannot your hard destiny withstand ;
Boabdelin and guards above.

But slip like bending rushes, from your hand :
 Sink all at once, since you must sink at last.

Almanz. Can you that last relief of sight remove,
 And thrust me out the utmost line of love !
 Then, since my hopes of happiness are gone,
 Deny'd all favours, I will seize this one.

[*Catches her hand and kisses it.*

Boab. My just revenge no longer I'll forbear :
 I've seen too much ; I need not stay to hear.

[*Descends*

Almanz. As a small show'r
 To the parch'd earth does some refreshment give,
 So, in the strength of this, one day I'll live :
 A day, — a year — an age — for ever now ;

[*Between each word he kisses her hand by force ; she struggling.*
 I feel from every touch a new Soul flow.

[*She snatches her hand away.*

My hop'd Eternity of joy is past !
 'Twas insupportable and could not last.
 Were heaven not made of less, or duller joy.
 'Twould break each minute, and it self destroy.

Enter King and guards below.

King Boab. This, this is he for whom thou didst deny
 To share my bed : — Let 'em together die.

Almah. Hear me, my Lord.

Boab. ——— Your flatt'ring arts are vain :
 Make hast ; and execute what I ordain.

[*To Guards.*

Almanz. Cut piece meal in this cause,
 From every wound I should new Vigour take :
 And every limb should new *Almanzors* make.

*He puts himself before the Queen ;
 the Guards attack him ; with the King.*

Abdelm. to the King

Enter Abdelmelech.

What angry God, to exercise his spight,
 Has arm'd your left hand, to cut off your right !

[*The King turns, and the fight ceases.*

Halt

Haste, not to give but to prevent a Fate:
The Foes are enter'd at the Elvira Gate:

False *Lyndaraxa* has the Town betray'd,
And all the *Zegry's* give the Spaniards aid:

Boab. O mischief, not suspected nor foreseen:

Abdel. Already they have gain'd the *Zacatin*,
And, thence, the *Vivarambla* place possess:

While our faint Soldiers scarce defend the rest:
The Duke of *Arcos* does one Squadron head;

The next by *Ferdinand* himself is led.

Almah. Now brave *Almanzor*, be a god again;
Above our Crimes, and your own passions reign:

My Lord has been, by Jealousie, misled

To think I was not faithful to his bed.

I can forgive him though my death he sought;

For too much love can never be a fault.

Protect him, then; and what to his defence

You give not, give to clear my innocence.

Almanz. Listen sweet Heav'n; and all ye blest above

Take rules of Virtue from a Mortal love.

You've rais'd my Soul; and if it mount more high,

'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.

Yes, I once more will my revenge neglect:

And whom you can forgive, I can protect.

Boab. How hard a fate is mine, still doom'd to shame:

I make Occasions for my Rivals fame! [Exeunt. An Alarm within.

Enter *Ferdinand*, *Isabel*, *Don Alonzo d'Aguilar*;

Spaniards and Ladies.

Ferd. Already more than half the Town is gain'd:

But there is yet a doubtful fight maintain'd;

Alonz. The fierce young King the enter'd does attack,

And the more fierce *Almanzor* drives em back.

Ferd. The valiant Moors, like raging Lions, fight.

Each youth encourag'd by his Ladies fight.

Qu. Isab. I will advance with such a shining train,

That Moorish beauties shall oppose in vain:

Into the press of clashing Swords we'll go;

And where the darts fly thickest, seek the Foe.

K. Ferd. May Heav'n, which has inspir'd this gen'rous thought,

Avert those dangers you have boldly sought:

Call up more Troops; the Women, to our shame,

Will ravish from the men their part of fame.

[Exeunt *Isabella and Ladies.*

Enter *Alábez*, and kisses the King's hand.

Alábez. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the *Zegry* line

Have led their Forces with your Troops to join:

The adverse part, which obstinately fought,
Are broke ; and *Abdelmelech* pris'ner brought.

K. *Ferd.* Fair *Lindaraxa* and her friends shall find
Th' effects of an oblig'd and grateful mind.

Alabez. But, marching by the *Vivarambra* place,
The Combat carri'd a more doubtful face ;
In that vast square the Moors and Spaniards met ;
Where the fierce conflict is continued yet.
But with advantage on the adverse side,
Whom fierce *Almanzor* does to conquest guide.

K. *Ferd.* With my Castilian Foot I'll meet his rage ;

[*Is going out : Shouts within are heard.*
Victoria, Victoria.

But these loud clamours better news preface :

*Enter the Duke of Arcos, and Soldiers ; their Swords
drawn and bloody.*

D. of *Arcos.* *Granada* now is yours ; and there remain
No Moors, but such as own the pow'r of *Spain*.
That Squadron which their King in person led,
We charg'd ; but found *Almanzor* in their head :
Three several times we did the Moors attack,
And thrice, with slaughter, did he drive us back.
Our Troops then shrunk ; and still we lost more ground :
Till, from our Queen, we needful succour found.
Her Guards to our assistance bravely flew,
And, with fresh vigour, did the fight renew.
At the same time——

Did *Lyndaraxa* with her Troops appear,
And while we charg'd the Front, engag'd the Rear.
Then fell the King (slain by a *Zegry's* hand) :

K. *Ferd.* How could he such united force withstand ?

D. of *Arcos.* Discourag'd with his death, the Moorish pow'rs
Fell back ; and, falling back, were press'd by ours.
But, as when winds and rain together croud,
They swell till they have burst the bladder'd Cloud :
And first the Lightning, flashing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, consumes, e're it does appear :
So, from his shrinking Troops, *Almanzor* flew ;
Each blow gave wounds, and with each wound he flew.
His force at once I envy'd and admir'd ;
And, rushing forward, where my men retir'd,
Advanc'd alone.

K. *Ferd.* ——— You hazarded too far
Your person, and the fortune of the War.

D. of *Arcos.* Already, both our Arms for fight did bare,
Already held 'em threatening in the Air :

When

When Heav'n (it must be Heav'n) my sight did guide,
 To view his arm, upon whose wrist, I spy'd
 A ruby Cross in Diamond bracelets ty'd.
 And just above it, in the brawnier part,
 By nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.
 Struck with these tokens, which so well I knew,
 And stagg'ring back, some paces I withdrew;
 He follow'd; and suppos'd it was my fear:
 When, from above, a shrill voice reach'd his ear;
 Strike not thy father, it was heard to cry;
 Amaz'd; and casting round his wondering Eye,
 He stop'd: then, thinking that his fears were vain
 He lifted up his thundring arm again:
 Again the voice withheld him from my death:
 Spare, spare his life, it cry'd, who gave thee breath.
 Once more he stop'd: then threw his Sword away;
 Blest shade, he said, I hear thee, I obey
 Thy sacred voice: then, in the sight of all,
 He at my feet, I on his neck did fall.

Ferd. O blest Event!

Arcos.——The Moors no longer fought;
 But all their safety, by submission, sought:
 Mean time, my Son grew fatter with loss of blood:
 And, on his bending Sword supported, stood,
 Yet, with a voice beyond his strength, he cry'd,
 Lead me to live, or die, by *Almabide*.

K. Ferd. I am not for his wounds less griev'd than you.
 For if, what now my Soul divines, proves true,
 This is that Son, whom in his Infancy
 You lost, when by my Father forc'd to fly.

D. Arcos. His Sisters beauty did my passion move,
 (The crime for which I suffer'd was his love)
 Our marriage known, to Sea we took our flight,
 There, in a storm, *Almanzor* first saw light.
 On his right Arm, a bloody heart was grav'd;
 (The mark by which this day, my life was sav'd.)
 The Bracelets and the Cross, his Mother ty'd
 About his wrist, e're she in Childbed dy'd.
 How we were Captives made, when she was dead;
 And how *Almanzor* was in *Africa* bred,
 Some other hour you may at leisure hear,
 For see, the Queen, in triumph, does appear.

*Enter Qu. Isabel, Lyndaraxa, Ladies, Moors, and Spaniards mix'd
 as Guards. Abdelmelech, Abenemar. Selin, Prisoners.*

King Ferdinand embracing Queen Isabel.

All stories, which *Granada's* Conquest tell,
 Shall celebrate the name of *Isabel*.

Your Ladies too, who in their Country's cause,
Led on the men, shall share in your applause:
And for your sakes, henceforward, I ordain,
No Ladies dow'r shall question'd be in Spain.
Fair *Lyndaraxa*, for the help she lent,
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.

Abdelm. O Heav'n, that I should live to see this day!

Lynd. You murmur now, but you shall soon obey.
I knew this Empire to my fate was ow'd:
Heav'n held it back as long as e're it cou'd.
For thee, base wretch, I want a torture yet——
——I'll cage thee, thou shalt be my *Bajazet*.
I on no pavement but on thee will tread;
And, when I mount, my foot shall know thy head.

[To *Abdelm.*

[*Abdelm. stabbing her with a Ponyard.*

This first shall know thy heart.

Lynd. —— O! I am slain!

Abdelm. Now boast, thy Country is betray'd to Spain.

K. Ferd. Look to the Lady. — Seize the Murderer.

[*Abdelm. stabbing himself.*

I'll do my self that Justice. I did her.

Thy blood I to thy ruin'd Country give,

[To *Lynd.*

But love too well thy murder to outlive.

Forgive a love, excus'd by its excess,

Which had it not been cruel, had been less.

Condemn my passion, then, but pardon me;

And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee.

[Dies.

Lynd. Die for us both; I have not leisure now;

A Crown is come; and will not fate allow:

And yet, I feel something like death, is near:

My Guards, my Guards; ——

Let not that ugly skeleton appear.

Sure destiny mistakes; this death's not mine;

She dotes; and meant to cut another line,

Tell her I am a Queen; —— but 'tis too late;

Dying, I charge Rebellion on my fate:

Bow down ye slaves ——

[To the *Moors.*

Bow quickly down, and your Submission show.

[They bow.

For pleas'd to taste an Empire e're I go.

[Dies.

Selin. She's dead, and here her proud ambition ends.

Abtn. Such fortune still such black designs attends.

Ferd. Remove those mournful Objects from our Eyes;

And see perform'd their funeral Obsequies.

[The Bodies carried off.

Enter

Enter Almanzor and Almahide, Ozmyn and Benzayda. Almahide brought in a Chair: Almanzor led betwixt Soldiers: Isabel salutes Almahide in dumb show.

Duke of Arcos presenting Almanzor to the King.

See here that Son, whom I with pride call mine;
And who dishonours not your royal line.

K. *Ferd.* I'm now secure, this Scepter, which I gain,

Shall be continu'd in the power of *Spain*;

Since he, who could alone my foes defend,

By birth and honour is become my friend,

Yet I can own no joy; nor Conquest boast,

[To Almanzor.

While in this blood I see how dear it cost.

Almanz. This honour to my Veins new blood will bring:

Streams cannot fail, fed by so high a Spring:

But all Court-Customs I so little know,

That I may fail in those respects I owe.

I bring a heart which homage never knew;

Yet it finds something of it self in you:

Something so kingly, that my haughty mind

Is drawn to yours; because 'tis of a kind.

Qu. *Isabel.* And yet, that Soul, which bears it self so high,
If same be true, admits a Sovereignty.

This Queen, in her fair Eyes, such Fetters brings,

As chain that heart, which scorns the pow'r of Kings.

Almah. Little of charm in these sad Eyes appears;

If they had any, now 'tis lost in Tears.

A Crown, and Husband ravish'd in one day;

Excuse a grief, I cannot choose but pay.

Q. *Isab.* Have Courage, Madam, Heav'n has joys in store
To recompence those losses you deplore.

Qu. *Almah.* I know your God can all my woes redress;

To him I made my vows in my distress.

And what a Misbeliever vow'd this day,

Though not a Queen, a Christian yet shall pay.

Qu. Isabel embracing her.

That Christian name you shall receive from me;

And *Isabella* of *Granada* be.

Benz. This blessed change, we all with joy receive:

And beg to learn that faith which you believe.

Qu. *Isab.* With reverence for those holy rites prepare;

And all commit your fortunes to my care.

King Ferd. to Almahide.

You, Madam, by that Crown, you lose, may gain,

If you accept a Coronet of *Spain*;

Of which *Almanzor's* Father stands posselt.

Queen Isabel to Almahide.

May you in him; and he in you be blest.

Q. Almah. I owe my life and honour to his Sword;
But owe my love to my departed Lord.

Almanz. Thus, when I have no living force to dread,
Fate finds me Enemies amongst the dead.
I'm how to conquer Ghosts; and to destroy
The strong impressions of a Bridal joy.

Almah. You've yet a greater Foe, than these can be;
Virtue opposes you and Modesty.

Almanz. From a false fear that Modesty does grow;
And thinks true love, because 'tis fierce, its Foe.
'Tis but the wax whose seals on Virgins stay:
Let it approach Loves fire, 'twill melt away.
But I have liv'd too long; I never knew
When fate was conquer'd, I must combat you.
I thought to climb the steep ascent of Love;
But did not think to find a Foe above.
'Tis time to die, when you my bar must be,
Whose aid alone could give me victory.
Without—

I'll pull up all the sluices of the flood:
And Love, within, shall boil out all my blood.

Q. Isab. Fear not your Love should find so sad success;
While I have power to be your Patroness.
I am her Parent, now, and may command
So much of duty, as to give her hand.

[Gives him Almahide's hand.]

Almah. Madam, I never can dispute your pow'r,
Or, as a Parent, or a Conqueror.
But, when my year of Widowhood expires,
Shall yield to your commands, and his desires.

Almanz. Move swiftly, Sun; and fly a Lovers pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!

K. Ferd. Mean time, you shall my Victories pursue;
The Moors in Woods and Mountains to subdue.

Almanz. The toils of War shall help to wear each day;
And dreams of love shall drive my nights away.
Our Banners to th' Albambra's Turrets bear;
Then, wave our Conqu'ring Crosses in the Air;
And Cry, with shouts of Triumph; Live and Reiga,
Great Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain.

EPILOGUE

To the Second PART of

GRANADA.

They, who have best succeeded on the Stage,
Have still conform'd their Genius to their Age.
Thus Johnson did Mechanique humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then, Comedy was faultless, but 'twas course :
Cobb's Tankard was a Jest, and Otter's Horse.
And as their Comedy, their love was mean :
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd Scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written Play.
They rose ; but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame thin was cheap, and the first comer sped ;
And they have kept it since, by being dead :
But were they now to write, when Critiques weigh
Each Line, and ev'ry word, throughout a Play,
None of 'em, no not Johnson in his height
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy that these truths are told,
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are shown,
But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.

Wit's

Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree ;
Our native Language more refin'd and free.
Our Ladies and our Men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those Poets writ
Then, one of these is, consequently, true ;
That what this Poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill, (which most he fears)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge, (as sure the Criticks will)
That some before him writ with greater skill :
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,
To please an Age more Gallant than the last.

E I N I S.



